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MIDSUMMER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The lush red currants drop from their clusters in the sun,
The tiger lily's spotted leaves are flaming;
The meadow land is sweet where the haying just is done,
And the long delicious days are slowly waning.

The apple boughs bend low with the yellow harvest fruit,
Happy children sing beneath their drooping branches,
And the golden sun looks through flicking all the greensward o'er,
Making ruddy cheeks grow redder with his glances.

The white and purple phlox blooms along the garden path,
With oppressive sweets the quiet air perfuming;
The drowsy poppy stands with meek head and folded hands,
Listening to the myriad insects constant humming.

THAT CASE OF LARKINS.

A Strange Incident in a Lawyer's Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

LILY'S STRANGE EXCITEMENT.

It was a bitter cold day in February. I was sitting at my desk with a pile of law-books before me, studying up that case of Larkins, the most important one I had on the docket that term of court, when just as I was getting a clearer insight into its legal niceties, there came a timid little rap at my office-door.

"Come in," said I, but it wasn't in the pleasantest of voices, for I had particularly desired not to be interrupted that afternoon.

A little lady, dressed in black, and with a veil over her face, entered.

"Oh, sir," she said, hesitating as she noticed how reluctantly I turned away from my books, "I'm so sorry to have disturbed you, but I'm out of employment, and would like to get some law-papers to copy. Could you give me anything to do?"

The minute she commenced speaking, I forgot all about Larkins's case and my vexation at being interrupted, for there was a pathos and sweetness in her voice that it was impossible to resist. Brown, a student in the office, did the most of my copying, but I wasn't going to tell her so at once, for she interested me, and if as I suspected she was a lady and in want, I might find some way of helping her.

"Will you be kind enough, madam, to give me a specimen of your hand-writing?" I inquired, courteously.

"Oh, certainly, sir," and seating herself at my desk, she took up a pen.

She couldn't write with her veil down, as I had foreseen when I made the request, and was therefore obliged to raise it, revealing a face of the most exquisite beauty. But it was not her transparent complexion or gold-brown hair that fascinated me most; it was the expression of infantile innocence that beamed from her open brow and candid eyes. I prided myself on my knowledge of human nature and power of reading character from faces, and I had no sooner looked upon hers than I understood just what a naive little creature she was, and how ignorant of the world and the evil in it. Slight, and fragile, and shy, she didn't seem at all fitted to battle with adversity.

While I was thinking how much nicer it would be to have my papers copied by those delicate little fingers than by Brown, she looked up and said timidly,

"Will that do?" holding out the paper for inspection.

"Of course it will," I answered, enthusiastically. "You write a beautiful hand, clear and legible, and I've plenty of work that I can give you."

How prettily her cheek flushed, and her eyes brightened at these words.

"Thank you," was all she said, but her face spoke volumes of gratitude.

A minute afterward it clouded, as if some new trouble had occurred to her, and she looked at me in a perplexed, appealing sort of way.

"Isn't there anything else I can do for you?" I inquired, gently. "You needn't fear to tell me if there is."

"Oh, sir," she said, "if it wouldn't take up too much of your time, I'd like to tell you my story, and have you advise me what to do, for I haven't a friend or an acquaintance in the whole city."

"You couldn't please me better than by such a mark of confidence," I replied, "and you needn't have any fears as to taking up my time, for if you will pardon me for saying it, I never met a person who interested me so much on first acquaintance as yourself."

A rosy blush suffused her face.

"You are very kind, sir," she faltered, "but I'm afraid you say that only out of pity, and to encourage me. If I wasn't so lonely and forsaken I wouldn't trouble you, for I'm sure you can't take much interest in the affairs of a stranger. But I must have some one to confide in, and to tell me what is right, or I don't know what will become of me.

"My father, sir, is a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia—you may have heard of the firm, Gaines & Brothers—and I was brought up in the midst of luxury. My mother died in my infancy, and my father's second wife, though beautiful, was harsh and unfeeling, and looked upon me with dislike instead of affection. I was a very lonely child, and used sometimes to envy the beggars on the street who had mothers to love them. Even my father seldom took any notice of me, he was so infatuated with the beauty of my step-mother who was several years younger than himself; and after my brother Paul was born, an event that happened when I was twelve years old, he treated me with greater indifference than ever.

"But it isn't necessary to tell you what I suffered in my father's house, and how repeatedly I was wounded in my tenderest affections by those who ought to have been more considerate. It is of one event only that I wish to speak, the event that drove me thence out into the world. It happened just a month ago, on my eighteenth birthday. My father called me into the library, as I was leaving the breakfast-table, and said,

"'I congratulate you, Lily. You will be the richest woman in Philadelphia.'

"I looked at him puzzled and confused.

"'What do you mean, sir?' I asked, 'I don't understand you.'

"'Simply this, James Blennerhasset, the retired capitalist, wishes to make you his wife.'

"'His wife!' I echoed, in amazement; 'why, he is ever so much older than you are, father.'

"'What of that? He is a millionaire, and you can't expect youth and money both. I hope that you haven't any silly ideas about love in your head. All that a woman wants now-a-days is some one to "foot her bills."'

"There was a touch of bitterness in my father's voice, for he was beginning to find out what a heartless, worldly-minded woman he had married.

"'But there is no use in discussing the matter,' he continued, 'I have already signified your acceptance of his offer to Mr. Blennerhasset.'

"'Then why do you consult me now?' I exclaimed, outraged and indignant at the way in which I was treated.

"'Simply because Mr. Blennerhasset will call upon you this evening, and I want you to receive him as your affianced husband.'

"'I shall do no such thing,' replied I, defiantly. 'I'm not a Circassian slave to be sold to the highest bidder.'

"'Nonsense, Lily, you will do as I tell you. My word is given, and you know what that means. I won't countenance any disobedience to my authority; either you marry James Blennerhasset, or leave my house forever.'

"There was decision in his voice and manner.

"'Very well, then,' I exclaimed, stung by the coldness and cruelty of his words, 'it shall be as you say.'

"'I'm glad that you take such a sensible view of the matter,' he replied, surprised that I yielded so readily.

"But he didn't understand what I meant.

"That afternoon, while he was out riding with my step-mother, I packed up the plainest of my clothes and the jewels that had been my mother's, and took the evening express for New York city. The servants didn't question my movements, and I was careful that they shouldn't know where I was going.

"You are doubtless surprised, sir, at the suddenness of this step, but I was horror-stricken at the idea of marrying that old man, and felt as if I should be forced into it, if I didn't flee at once.

"Whether my father made any effort to discover my retreat is more than I know, for I've never heard from Philadelphia since. Up to the present time I have been staying in a hotel, (the sale of my jewels furnished me with funds sufficient for that purpose;) but it is expensive and disagreeable too, and I'd be so glad if I could find a home with some nice quiet family. But everybody wants references, sir, and I haven't any I can give, for I don't want my friends in Philadelphia to find out where I am. If you could only recommend me to some such place as I have mentioned, I'd be very thankful, sir."

The violet eyes looked up to mine appealingly.

Her story, told in a truthful, straightforward manner, had deepened my interest in the fair narrator, and I resolved to take her under my especial protection. I had a cousin in the city, whose husband was absent on business, and who by a strange coincidence had commissioned me that very morning to find her a young lady companion. Why wouldn't Miss Gaines answer the purpose? She was a stranger, to be sure, but I was well acquainted with her father by reputation, and I was sure that Lucy couldn't help liking her.

So I at once laid the proposition before the little lady, and she was so grateful that she couldn't say a word, but just clung to my hand in a way that I found most delightful. Some evil genius sent Brown into the office at that moment, whom I supposed safe out of the way, for I had sent him out on a collecting expedition a few moments before Miss Gaines entered.

I don't know whether I blushed or not, but Miss Gaines didn't, I'm certain. Women are always more quick-witted than men under such circumstances.

Turning toward the door, she said coolly: "I will leave you my address, Mr. Holmes, and I hope that you'll arrange the matter we were speaking of as soon as possible."

Before I could answer, she handed me her card, bowed politely, and was gone.

Brown looked at me a little seriously, but I pretended not to see it, and was soon hard at work again on Larkins's case. I didn't accomplish much, for my thoughts kept wandering from the book to the story I had just heard.

"What a confiding little creature she is," said I to myself, "and what a treasure she'd prove to a husband in these days of 'strong-minded women.'"

I might as well confess it first as last, I'm an "old bachelor," and a believer in love at first sight, and if the reader is at all shrewd, these statements are sufficient to explain my interest in Miss Lily Gaines.

Finding that I couldn't study, I put on my overcoat, and leaving Brown to close the office, started out to call on Cousin Lucy. She was at home and disengaged, but didn't seem grateful in the least when I told her on what errand I came.

"Way, Ralph, you don't know anything about the girl," she exclaimed, "except what she has told you herself. You are not even sure that she is respectable."

(I never could understand why women are so suspicious of each other.)

But Lucy was a good little soul, easily persuaded, and had a great deal of confidence in my judgment and knowledge of human nature, and I felt certain that her scruples would vanish after once seeing Miss Gaines.

Nor was I mistaken. The two ladies accidentally (?) met at my office the next morning, and Lucy was enchanted with the beauty and naiveté of my new acquaintance.

A few days after that, Miss Lily Gaines was duly installed in my cousin's household, as the guest and companion of her hostess. She was a lively, entertaining little person, could sing and play on the piano, amuse the children, do all kinds of fancy work, and was "really invaluable," Lucy declared, an opinion in which I coincided.

Her penmanship was so much neater than Brown's that I kept her busy part of the time copying law-papers, and many of the interviews we had at Cousin Lucy's were therefore purely business ones. But we didn't confine our talk exclusively to those topics, for there were others more interesting that we found time to discuss, and our friendship soon ripened into such a degree of intimacy that, instead of calling each other Mr. Holmes and Miss Gaines, it was Ralph and Lily.

I don't want to be abrupt, but as the reader probably knows by experience what result is apt to follow a state of affairs like this, I will simply state at once that within a month of our first acquaintance, Miss Lily Gaine and myself were formally betrothed. Nor did any one who had seen the lady wonder at my choice, although Lucy laughed a little at the disparity of our ages, for I was thirty-five and she eighteen. I had been fastidious and difficult to please, abhorring equally the empty-headed belles of society and the strong-minded champions of "Women's Rights," and this innocent little creature who looked up to me with such appealing eyes, and hung upon my words as if they were the utterances of a demigod, was the only woman I had ever met who satisfied perfectly my ideal of a wife.

I considered myself fortunate to have secured such a prize, and for a few days after the engagement was so carried away by newfound happiness, that I scarcely thought of business. But that case of Larkins was set for trial, and the poor fellow would be convicted if I didn't bestir myself more actively in his behalf.

"Who is Larkins?" said Lily, when I alluded to him in her presence one evening.

"And what has he done?"

As the reader is probably a little curious, too, regarding this especial client of mine, and as the circumstances of the case were rather peculiar, I make no apology for introducing him into my story. (In fact, the story wouldn't have been written if it hadn't been for him, as its title suggests.)

James Larkins, previous to his arrest for the crime with which he was charged, filled the position of head-clerk in the extensive jewelry establishment of Blanke & Brothers, and was highly trusted and esteemed by his employers. But one evening the junior partner of the firm made the astounding discovery that three of the finest diamonds in the store, whose united value was thirty thousand dollars, had been abstracted from the case where they were kept, and paste imitations substituted in their stead. This case was the especial charge of Larkins, he alone of all the clerks having access to it during the day, the jewels at night being locked up in the safe.

But so unblemished was his character for integrity that, when the detectives who were called in hinted at the possibility of his being the culprit, the insinuation was at once repelled by his employers. But they were afterward induced, by the representations of an officer who held a personal grudge against Larkins, to get out a search-warrant, empowering them to look for the stolen property in his room at Madame L——'s boarding-house.

To his surprise and horror, one of the missing diamonds was found concealed at the very bottom of his trunk, in the toe of a sock that was wrapped up with several others. Larkins emphatically and positively denied all knowledge of its being there, but it was a fact that couldn't easily be explained away or accounted for, and he was immediately placed under arrest.

No clue to the other jewels could be found, notwithstanding the efforts made by the detectives.

Larkins's sister employed me to undertake his defence, and I was not only willing, but eager to do so, after an interview with my client, for in spite of the evidence against him, I was thoroughly convinced of his innocence. He told his story in a clear, straightforward manner, and without any particular evidence of emotion, until he came to that part of it where the jewel was found in his trunk.

"For a moment I thought I was going mad," he exclaimed, "when I saw the diamond and the looks on the men's faces; everything in the room went round and round, and it seemed as if the world was coming to an end. I trembled and turned white, and they called it an evidence of guilt, and wouldn't listen to a word I said. But as heaven is my witness, sir, I don't know how it came there any more than you do this minute."

"And that is exactly what we must find out," I replied, "or it will be hard to make a jury believe you are innocent. Have you reason to suspect any one in the house?"

"Oh, no, Madam L—— is very particular about her boarders—and only keeps a few."

"But could any one outside have had access to your room? Wasn't it usually kept locked when you were away?"

"I think it was, sir—for the chambermaid had a pass-key; and at night I always found the door fastened."

"What kind of a person was this chambermaid? Was she friendly or hostile toward you?"

"Oh, sir, I've known Biddy for years, and I'd as soon suspect my own sister as I would her. She lived in my mother's family before she went to Madame L——'s; and there isn't anything in the world she wouldn't do for me. No, no, Biddy knew nothing of it, I'm sure."

"But some one did—and it is necessary to find out who it was, and for what motive the apparent guilt was fastened on you. Circumstances are strongly against you, Mr. Larkins. For, even setting aside the fact that part of the stolen property was found in your possession, how is it that those paste imitations could have been substituted for the real gems when that particular case was only opened by yourself during the day, and both you and your employers are positive that everything was all right in the morning? Don't misunderstand me; I believe you to be innocent—but to prove that fact, it will be necessary to account for the jewels found in your trunk, and discover if possible who stole the others. Now I want you to describe as accurately as you can, the different persons who looked at those diamonds during the day, and whether there was any one who had the slightest opportunity of exchanging them while your attention was directed to something else."

Mr. Larkins, after a few minutes of reflection, complied with my request, but suspicion couldn't possibly attach to the individuals he mentioned.

"And you are positive that you didn't show them to any one else?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, there was one other person"—and I noticed that his cheek flushed—"but it hardly seems right to speak of her in such a connection. One of my lady friends, Mrs. Willis, happened in the store that afternoon, and as she is a great admirer of diamonds, I offered to show her our assortment."

"You have been acquainted with the lady for years, probably?"

"Well, no, not exactly," and he hesitated and the flush on his cheek deepened. "She is one of Madame L——'s boarders, and I was first introduced to her four or five months ago."

Here at last was a clue. But it wouldn't do to betray my suspicions, for Larkins was evidently interested in the lady. I resolved, therefore, to take his sister into my confidence, and discover what I could regarding this Mrs. Willis, for women are usually clever at finding out all about each other.

This was what I discovered. Mrs. Willis was a dark-haired, attractive little widow, and had just returned from California when she entered Madame L——'s boarding-house, armed with testimonials of the highest character. That was nearly all people knew about her, except that she was lady-like and refined, and a great favorite of the ladies as well as of the gentlemen, a fact remarkable for its singularity. Report said that Larkins was engaged to her, but it wasn't true, his sister declared, although she admitted that he was one of her most ardent admirers.

But what confirmed my suspicions were the facts that Mrs. Willis had left New York soon after Larkins's arrest, and had been seen talking with a notorious thief on the night before her departure.

I placed the matter at once in the hands of a private detective. He listened to my story in silence, and said at its conclusion:

"I shouldn't wonder if it was Sue Miller, only Sue has light hair instead of dark, and doesn't look a bit like a widow. You ought to see her, Sir. Holmes. You'd never think she was a thief, for she isn't hard and coarse like the rest of them, but sweet and innocent-looking like, with simple little ways that men go wild about. Why, she'd pull the wool over your eyes in a minute, sir."

"I rather think not," replied I, loftily. "We lawyers have a fair opportunity for studying human nature, and it is not so easy to deceive us."

"Perhaps not, sir. But you don't often meet any one like Sue. And the longer I think of it, the more I am convinced that she stole those diamonds. Of course she dyed her hair and disguised herself, but it is just like one of her tricks, and the only strange thing about it is that Madame L—— and her boarders haven't missed anything. She must have been determined to fasten suspicion on Larkins, but as she and he were the best of friends, I don't understand what her object could have been."

A day or two afterward, he came to me exultant.

"It is just as I suspected, sir. The widow at Madame L——'s was little Sue Miller. But it will be hard to prove it, or anything else against her, for she is a real 'cute' one and knows when to behave herself, and the boarders all liked her, men and women both. And I've found out something else, sir, that explains her treatment of Larkins. Perhaps you recollect that about a year ago two burglars broke into the store of Blanke & Brothers, but were discovered by Larkins before they had done any mischief, and that one of them was wounded in making his escape. The police took hold of the matter, and were able to identify the men, but couldn't get any clue to their whereabouts. The wounded one was Dick Fitzgerald, as handsome and black-hearted a wretch as you'll find, sir, and the particular friend of Sue Miller. There is no one else that has any influence with her, but if he told her to walk over red-hot ploughshares she'd do it in a minute. But it isn't that she is afraid of him exactly; I couldn't explain it if I should try, but I know it is a fact. Now, it is Fitzgerald that is at the head of this plot against Larkins, and Sue has only been acting as his tool in the affair. And if I can find out what has become of those other diamonds, I'll unravel the plot, sir, from the beginning to the end."

The detective worked hard, but Sue and Fitzgerald and the diamonds seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth, and I began to fear that Larkins would be convicted after all. We hadn't enough testimony to prove anything much against Mrs. Willis, for although the detective was positive in his own mind of her identity with Sue Miller, he had never seen her at Madame L——'s, and could only judge by hearsay. And so also as to her leaving soon after the arrest, and the talk she had with a thief on the side-walk, the circumstances looked suspicious certainly, but wouldn't do much to clear Larkins.

Even if the jury doubted her honesty, they would be apt to think that she was a confederate of his from the intimacy that existed between the two; and the only basis we had for an accusation against Fitzgerald was the fact already mentioned of his having been wounded by Larkins in an attempt to rob Blanke & Brothers.

The case was set for trial, as I said before, and although Lily absorbed so much of my attention as to weaken my interest in it partially, I was still very anxious, both for Larkins's sake and my own, that he should be acquitted.

A little scrap of news that the detective brought me about this time encouraged me wonderfully, and I went to work with renewed vigor. It appeared that he had traced Fitzgerald at last to Cincinnati, and was confident from what he had heard that he should find one of the jewels in a pawnbroker's shop there.

Lily didn't take much interest in the case, and instead of pitying Larkins, as I thought from her tender little heart she would be sure to do, she wouldn't believe he was innocent; but of course I didn't tell her about Mrs. Willis, or the detective, or what we suspected, for that was a professional secret.

Lily was a dear little soul, but there were times when I didn't know what to make of her, she acted so strangely. A dark, mysterious-looking gentleman used to call on her occasionally, an old friend from Philadelphia, she said, and judging from the length of his visits, they must have had a great deal to talk about.

One night she went out with him, to the theatre, I believe, and I was jealous enough to have killed the fellow on the spot. For she was a stay-at-home little body, and always refused me if I asked her to go anywhere, even if it was only a walk down town.

"I really believe that you are ashamed to be seen with me in public," I said to her once. "Why, I don't think we have been out together more than twice since we have been acquainted. You don't come down to the office either once in an age."

She smiled and blushed, and said something in her pretty flattering way about caring more for my society than for theatres or concerts, and the subject was dropped.

Cousin Lucy didn't like Lily as well as at first; I think it was a pet idea of hers that I should remain an "old bachelor." But this was her explanation to me:—

"The little creature is such an actress. She can look so sweet and unconscious all in a minute, and I have seen her do it when you happened to come in. But when she is asleep, there is something hard and cunning in the expression of her face, and I think of a story I read in my childhood of a wicked old fairy who put on the form of a beautiful maiden to entice men to destruction."

"Have you forgotten, Lucy, that you are talking of my betrothed wife?" I said, angrily.

"No, indeed, but there is one thing I didn't remember—that lovers won't listen to reason. Lily isn't such an angel, though, as she pretends; marks my words."

We were to be married shortly, for I didn't like Lily to stay with Cousin Lucy under such circumstances, and therefore thought it best that she should have a home of her own as soon as possible.

In the meantime, for I didn't want to do anything underhanded, I wrote to Mr. Gaines, acquainting him with my affection for his daughter, and the fact that I intended to make her my wife. The letter was conciliatory in its tone, for I don't like variance among relations, but I gave him to understand that even if he withheld his consent it would not prevent my marrying Lily, who was of an age to choose for herself in such a matter.

In due time I received an answer, a real warm-hearted, friendly one, and I confess I was surprised. But while there was true fatherly love and a regard for his daughter's welfare manifest in every word of it, he spoke of her as an erring, disobedient child, and hoped that she would be more considerate of a husband's feelings than she had been of her father's. He alluded briefly to the cause of her flight from home, and declared that he had never meant to force her inclinations. That his wife was not fond of Lily, and had treated her unkindly, he acknowledged, but didn't think this justified her in the step she had taken.

"I cannot describe to you the suspense I have endured since she left us," he wrote, "for, although I took every means in my power, I could not discover any trace of her whereabouts. Your letter is the first tidings of her that has reached me, and I thank God, sir, that she has fallen into such good hands. You are well known to me by reputation, for one of your clients, Mr. Barnsley, is an old friend of mine. I won't write to Lily, as you have requested me not to do so, but shall be in New York almost as soon as this reaches you, and hope to persuade her to return home and be married from thence."

After reading this letter, I couldn't help thinking that Lily had misjudged her father, for surely such a man as she had described wouldn't write in a style like that. She was sensitive, perhaps, and exacting, and a little jealous too of her step-mother, and so the estrangement had come about, and neither understood the true nature of the other.

I was thankful for the impulse that had prompted me to write to Mr. Gaines, and win his daughter in an honest, straightforward manner, although I hadn't expected to receive anything for my pains, except abuse and vituperation.

I kept the correspondence a secret from Lily, but reproached myself for doing so once or twice, knowing how happy it would make her to hear from her father. For I was convinced that the poor child suffered from home-sickness, and that this accounted for her occasional fits of ill-humor.

But Lucy was not so generous.

"You needn't tell me that she cares anything for her father. Don't you suppose she would speak of him once in a while if she did? But she has never made the slightest allusion to any of her relatives since she has been in my house. I'm afraid, sometimes, that the story she told you was trumped up for the occasion, and that there isn't a word of truth in it."

Stung by these words, I handed her Mr. Gaines's letter, saying indignantly, "Read that, will you? It will set your fears to rest on that score."

I was sorry for it afterward.

Lucy was no sooner convinced that Lily was not an impostor than she began to rail at her for having treated her father in such a manner.

"Poor old gentleman! what a wicked, ungrateful child she has been to him. Perhaps she will make a good wife, but I don't believe it. Sweet, and pretty, and innocent as she looks, it is only on the outside, and I don't think she has a spark of real feeling for any one except herself."

"Well, Lucy, I can't pretend to understand the likes and dislikes of women. Three or four weeks ago there wasn't any one like Lily; you talked about her constantly, went into raptures over everything she did or said, praised her and petted her, and thought she was perfection itself; and presto! as soon as I agreed with you, everything was changed, and Lily from an angel was transformed into a demon."

"Nonsense, Ralph. Lily is well enough, I suppose, but I did hope that after waiting as long as you have, you would have married a woman instead of a frivolous-minded girl. Has she seen this letter from her father yet?"

"No, indeed, and you mustn't tell her a word about it. He will be here in a day or two, and I want to surprise her, for she hasn't the slightest suspicion that I have written to him, and will nearly go wild when she finds out that he has consented to our marriage."

"Perhaps so," said Lucy, dubiously, and Lily coming in just then we began to talk of other things.

It seemed about this time as if success was attending all my undertakings. For, the day after Mr. Gaines's letter came to hand, I received such favorable news from the detective whom I had sent on to Cincinnati that I almost felt certain of Larkins's acquittal. The diamond in the pawn-broker's shop had been identified as the one stolen from Blanke & Brothers, and the man that brought it there as Dick Fitzgerald. The latter-named individual was under arrest, and would be brought on to New York immediately.

I was so excited by these tidings that I nearly betrayed myself that evening, when Lily began to talk about Larkins. And I'll just mention here that from the numberless questions she put to me about this case I began to think that her interest in it was greater than she chose to acknowledge. But what surprised me most was her persistence in believing him guilty, and her eager attempt to convince me of that fact. She even tried to persuade me that it would be better for my reputation not to have anything to do with the case whatever. We nearly came to a quarrel one day on that very point.

"There is not the slightest chance of his being acquitted, is there?" she asked me that evening.

"Indeed there is, and something more than a chance," I answered, full of the news I had just heard, and forgetting my usual caution.

"What do you mean?" she said, with something like alarm in her voice and look.

"I mean just this: that a jury can't be found to convict Larkins of stealing those diamonds, after hearing the testimony we have to offer. But what is the matter, Lily?" for she trembled and turned white. "Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, it is nothing but the heat of the room that has made me faint. Open the window, please."

I feared that she wasn't telling the truth, for the fire in the grate was burning low, and Lily was a delicate creature who loved warmth and sunshine. But I obeyed her, and she soon recovered.

"And now, Ralph," she said, coaxingly, "I am beginning to get interested in this case of Larkins, and I want you to tell me all about it from the beginning to the end, and what this wonderful testimony is that is going to clear him."

"Did it never enter your head, you daughter of Eve, that a lawyer might have secrets that he couldn't reveal even to his own wife?"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, with a charming blush, "I won't be put off in any such way as that. I'd like to know how it can do any hurt to tell me what everybody will know in a week. I don't like it, either, that you tried to deceive me, for you pretended to me only yesterday that you hadn't found out anything new in Larkins's case."

"But, Lily dear, don't you remember that I've always believed he was innocent?"

"What you believe, though, isn't going to clear him, is it?"

"Of course not."

"What is, then? For I'm sure the proof against him is strong enough, and you said yourself that it would be hard to account for that diamond found in his trunk."

"But, supposing we can prove that some one else stole it and placed it there, what then?"

Lily started, and for an instant I thought that a look of terror came into her eyes.

"Can you really do that?" she asked.

"Well, no, I'm afraid not, but what we *can* prove does much to strengthen that supposition."

"Why don't you tell me, Ralph, candidly what you know about the affair?" she inquired, pettishly.

"What a persistent little creature you are, Lily. And why are you so curious about Larkins, when you never took any interest in my other clients?"

"Because, Ralph, he is the subject of your talk more than half of the time."

"And who introduces that subject?"

"I do once in a while, perhaps, but what of it? It was you who told me his story in the first place and excited my curiosity, and now you refuse to gratify it. Just tell me this one thing and I'll be satisfied. Who is it you suspect of stealing those diamonds?"

The blue eyes were lifted to mine, full of entreaty, and I couldn't resist them.

"It is a man you never heard of, Lily, but the police know him well. He is a notorious thief, and—"

"What is his name?" she interrupted, breathlessly.

"Fitzgerald, Dick Fitzgerald—"

With a suppressed cry Lily turned away, and I saw that she was trembling violently.

"You are really ill," I said, anxious and alarmed, "and you have been trying to conceal it from me all this evening. *Do* tell me what is the matter!"

"It is only a headache," she replied, "and not worth making a fuss about, but it turns me dizzy every now and then. Please don't mind it, but go on with what you were saying about—about—Fitzgerald, is that the name?"

"Yes, Lily, that is the name, but you are sick and tired, and need rest, and I shall not talk to you any more. I am going home."

"Oh, Ralph," and tears of disappointment came into her eyes.

The entrance of Cousin Lucy prevented any more entreaties on her part, and I took my leave soon afterward.

Lily followed me to the door, and requested that I would call on her the next morning, as she had something particular to tell me.

"But, Lily, it is impossible," said I. "I have business in court that must be attended to."

"I will come down to the office, then, for I *must* see you. What time shall I find you in?"

"About eleven o'clock, probably. But if the matter is so important, why not tell me now?"

"It is a long story, and my head aches."

"And here I've been keeping you out in the cold all this time. Good-night, dear, I shall expect you to-morrow," and with a hasty kiss, I ran down the steps.

At the appointed hour the next morning, I sat in my office waiting for Lily, a little curious as to the "something particular" she wanted to tell me, when a grave, elderly gentleman entered, and inquired if he was "speaking to Mr. Holmes."

"Yes, sir, that is my name," I answered.

"And I," said he, cordially grasping my hand, "am Mr. Gaines, Lily's father."

At that very instant there was a light tap at the door, and before I could prevent her, Lily herself walked into the room. But, to my utter surprise and bewilderment, not a sign of recognition passed between the two.

"Don't let me detain you from business, sir," said Mr. Gaines. "If you'll just give me the address of my daughter, I'll call on her at once, and will have a talk with you afterward when you are disengaged."

"Why, sir, said I," stammering and hesitating, and pointing toward Lily, "Isn't that your daughter, sir?"

"My daughter! what do you mean? I don't understand you," and the gentleman looked at me in amazement.

"But that, sir, is Miss Lily Gaines, and"—

A heavy tramping in the hall interrupted me, and two policemen burst open the door, accompanied by the detective, Johnson. Pale as a ghost, Lily would have glided from the room, but with a mocking smile he held her back, saying,

"You are wanted, Sue."

"Unhand me, sir," she exclaimed angrily, her eyes flashing, and her slight form dilating.

"Not if I know it," he replied. "Your little game is played out. Fitzgerald is nabbed, and has turned state's evidence."

"The coward!" she muttered.

Pale and bewildered, I turned toward Johnson.

"For God's sake, sir, what is all this about? Is she—is she—" and I pointed where Lily stood—"is that woman Sue Miller?"

There was a gleam of malice as well as of compassion in his look.

"That's what she mostly calls herself, sir. But she's sometimes Mrs. Willis, and sometimes Miss Gaines, and there's no telling what other aliases she hasn't got. You're not the first one, nor the only one, that she's done, sir."

With a groan of anguish I turned away from the officers and their prisoner. The plot was plain to me from beginning to end, and I understood now the real cause of this woman's anxiety to hear about Larkins, and the emotion she had shown the night before. It was bitter indeed to think of her, the woman I had loved, as a thief and impostor.

She looked at me where I stood, and said softly,

"I dare not ask you to forgive me, Mr. Holmes, but if you knew in what a hot-bed of vice I drew the first breath of life, you would think of me pityingly. Would to God I had known some one like you sooner; I might have been a better and a happier woman. But there is no help for me now. I'm down, down in the mire, and the world jeers at me, and pushes me lower. Do not, oh! do not despise me utterly, for bad as she is, Sue Miller, the thief and outcast, loved you, sir."

And I knew as I listened that she spoke the truth, if never before, for there was that in her face and voice that no human being could possibly counterfeit. Even the officers, hardened as they were, seemed to be touched by her words, and were silent for a minute. Johnson rallied first.

"Come, come, Sue, no more of that," he muttered. "We can't wait for you. So hurry along."

Her expression of hopeless misery was more than I could bear, and reaching forth my hand, I said kindly,

"God forgive you, as I do, for the wrong you have done me."

Mr. Gaines and I were left alone. Not a word had he said while the policemen were in the room, but I knew from his looks that he understood the story.

"And was it that vile creature, that thief, who palmed herself off upon you as my daughter, sir?" exclaimed he, indignantly.

"It was," I replied, "and as Lily Gaines I loved her, and would have made her my wife. I'm afraid I shall never trust a woman again. But how is it that you never hinted at a mistake, when I gave you the details of her story, and even described her person?"

"Both corresponded to Lily's. Is it possible," he cried with sudden alarm, "that my daughter's retreat is known to this woman? I must see her, I must question her, for God only knows what snares have been laid for Lily." And, seizing his hat, he rushed from the room.

There is little more to tell. Fitzgerald's confession made it clear who stole the diamonds, and Larkins was triumphantly acquitted. But the thought of Mrs. Willis dampened his joy, and her base ingratitude cut him to the heart. Even the knowledge that she had placed the diamonds in his trunk only after repeated solicitations and threats of exposure from Fitzgerald, did not comfort him much. The woman he loved had been his betrayer. Blanke & Brothers reinstated him in favor, and loaded him with marks of honor and esteem to blot out the memory of their past injustice, but it was months before he regained his accustomed cheerfulness.

Fitzgerald, and the woman known as Sue Miller, were convicted of grand larceny, and sent to the State Penitentiary for a term of seven years. How my heart beat when I heard the verdict! For I was present in court during the trial, resolved if possible to cure myself thoroughly of the love I had felt for a thief. And I did, though to this day I can't help feeling a sort of tender pity for the unfortunate Sue. She and her accomplice escaped from prison two or three years after their incarceration, and as to what became of them afterward, I never knew.

A word as to Mr. Gaines, and my story is done. Sue had met his daughter in New York soon after her escape from home, and had gained her confidence; and when Fitzgerald commanded her to find out what I was doing for Larkins, and throw whatever obstacles in the way of my efforts that she could, the idea struck her that by personating Lily (whom she closely resembled) she might appeal to my sympathy, and attain the desired end. As for the true Lily, she was utterly ignorant of Sue's real character, and her father having fortunately succeeded in finding her, she was only too willing to return home after learning what had happened.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

Microscopic Writing.

A correspondent writing from London, says:—

"The most extraordinary machine in the exhibition is, beyond question, the one for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller, so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims, that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. The Astor Library, I presume, could easily be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically, it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines, private marks can be put on bills so minute and perfect, that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker, knowing where to look, can at once detect that the bill is genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters."

LORD AMBERLEY, who has anxieties as to the too rapid growth of families in England, and who "calculates," as the Yankee saith, that three children are as many as it is desirable to have in a house, is brought to account by the London *Court Journal*, which says the practice of the nobility, including Lord A. himself, is quite the other way; that the Duke of Abercorn is the father of fourteen children; the Earl of Abergavenny, eleven, the last two being twins; the Earl of Abingdon, nine, the Earl of Albemarle, five, while his father had fifteen; Earl of Amherst, twelve; Marquis of Anglesey, nine, and his father eighteen; Duke of Argyll, twelve; Earl of Ashburnham, eleven, and his father seventeen, by two marriages; Earl of Beauborough, fourteen; Viscount Bridgeport, thirteen; Marquis of Bristol, ten; Earl of Buckingham, by two marriages, fifteen; Earl of Carlisle, twelve; Earl of Chichester, seven, and his father ten, Earl of Clarendon, eight, and his father ten; Baron Clifford, twelve, the last two being twins; Baron Clonbrock, seventeen; Earl of Dartmouth, seven, and his father seventeen, by two marriages; Earl of Durham, eleven, numbers nine and ten being twins; Baron Ebury, eleven, the last two being twins; Marquis of Exeter, ten, and his father ten; Earl Fortescue, fourteen; Earl Grey, none, but his father fifteen; Earl Howe, thirteen; and so on throughout the list. It is to be remarked that the present generation of the nobility is by no means so prolific as was the preceding one. Twins abounded in George the Fourth's time.

☞ Soft-headed New Yorkers wear their *fiancees'* gold bracelets on the streets.

☞ A Chicago paper speaks of a female reporter on a rival sheet "smiling a sweet smile about four inches across."

☞ Jersey City has a club composed entirely of men whose names are individually John.

☞ Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.

☞ Dead Language—Ghosts' gossip.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEREDITARY GENIUS: An Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S., etc. New and Revised Edition, with an American Preface. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. To all who feel an interest in the lives of the world's greatest men, this volume is very fascinating. The aim of the author is to show that a man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance, under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of the whole organic world. Consequently each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow. Judicious marriages, particularly, during several consecutive generations, would tend greatly towards producing a highly-gifted race of men. The work, deservedly, seems to be quite popular, and has already reached a second American edition.

LITTLE MEN LIFE AT PLUMFIELD WITH JO'S BOYS. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Little Women," "An Old Fashioned Girl," "Hospital Sketches." Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. We suppose the simple announcement that this long expected book is published at last will be enough to set hundreds of young folks to buying it. We do not think Miss Alcott has written or ever will write anything as good as "Little Women;" but to the many readers of that charming story who would like to follow Jo through her school-teaching life, "Little Men" will prove a very interesting sequel.

THE TWO GUARDIANS; OR, HOME IN THIS WORLD. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

TERRIAKI AND THEIR LAST DOSE. Letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow and Others to Dr. Samuel B. Collins, Relating to the Most Wonderful Medical Discovery of the Age. Published by the Evening Journal Print, No. 46 Dearborn street, Chicago. Price 25 cents. If, in this remedy of Dr. Collins's, can be found a speedy and a sure relief for the opium eater—a certain and a perfect cure—accomplished without pain and without inconvenience, it is indeed one of the most wonderful medical discoveries of the age. This certain cure the antidote claims to furnish. The book gives a number of testimonials, and a good deal of important information about the workings of the remedy, and, of course, the address of Dr. Collins, (La Porte, Ind.) to whom all communications should be sent.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARTZ. Translated from the Swedish by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. By Rev. JOHN HALL, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Published by Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

HANS BREITMANN IN EUROPE. With Other New Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

DAVENPORT DUNN. A Novel. By CHAS. LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

STRANGERS' GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA. Published by Howard Challen, 1308 Chestnut street, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July, contains "A Provence Rose," by Ouida; "Frightened to Death," by Margaret Hosmer; "Ab Initio," by George H. Boker; and other stories and poems. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for June. The paper upon "Herbert Spencer and his Philosophical System," by E. L. Youmans, is deeply interesting, though the portrait of the great thinker is not very good. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July contains a good article upon "Sappho," by T. W. Higginson; "Armgart," by George Eliot, and other interesting matter. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD for July. "Called and Chosen," a poem by Eleanor C. Donnelly, is well written. Published by Hardy & Mahony, No. 726 Sansom street, Philada.

ADVERTISER'S GAZETTE for April. Published by George P. Rowell & Co., No. 41 Park Row, New York.

THE GALAXY for July. The reading matter for this month is fresh and good as usual. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for July. A large variety of illustrations enrich this number, which leads off with an interesting article upon Philadelphia, by J. T. Headley. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for June. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A Shaker Romance.

The calm and beautiful evening of the seventh day of the month of June was one of worldly longing to two loving Shaker souls—those of Ira Lawson and Miss Van Valien, the first of whom was one of the trustees of the "United Society of Shakers" at Hancock, and the latter one who trusted him. On that evening the two left the Shaker Village for A bany, in company with a Methodist clergymen, who, on their arrival at the city, joined them in marriage. It is often the case that when people have nerved themselves up to the commission of a crime a revulsion of feeling occurs as soon as the dark deed is done; and so it was with these two lovers—for no sooner had they become one than they "felt that they had done wrong," and bitterly repented the rash act. Overwhelmed with remorse, they sat up all night in the parlor of their hotel, and when morning peeped in through the windows it found them twiddling their thumbs and looking at each other like repentant wandering sheep. Circumstances over which neither party had moral control compelled them to return to Hancock, where, before the assembled elders, they humbled themselves and asked to be forgiven. And so, after their little escapade, the first brief romance which either had ever known, they were reinstated in their dreary celibate position and welcomed back among the just but joyless. And Cupid covered his face with his wings, the torch of Hymen was quenched in a crock of butter-milk, the epithalamium was unsung, and two hearts stilled their passionate beating at the bidding of duty. "Of love that never found its earthly close—what sequel?" Dressed drab and broadbrim hats, and all the same as if it had not been.—*N. Y. World.*

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM.

Diana walked rapidly along, neither looking at Jasper nor speaking. Her hands were moving nervously, as they always did when she was agitated. She had a mental conviction that Jasper was in her way, and she must get rid of him; and yet she felt a strong disinclination to showing him, either by word or sign, that she heeded his presence. Her feelings had undergone a revolution during the last half-hour; and instead of reproaching herself, as she had so lately done, her wrath against Jasper was bubbling up, as it used to do in their old quarrels. He had come and thrown an apple of discord into her paradise, and she hated him. He had said he would prevent her marriage, and he was already beginning to do so—not by the power of his guardianship, but through some unexplained influence, which he appeared to possess, of making John Carteret gloomy and distrustful.

Her cheeks burned deeper crimson—her eyes flashed; and, if it had not been for the twitching that prevented their keeping steady, her lips would have settled into the old scornful twist that they were almost beginning to forget.

Jasper strode silently at her side. He was scarcely more inclined for speech than his companion. And yet he should be glad when the storm was over, for he knew it was coming. It had been threatening all the afternoon; and he was not ill-pleased, as it would clear the atmosphere, and pave the way to further action.

They walked on thus until within a short distance of the great iron gates surmounted by the dolphins, when Diana's foot catching against a stone, she half stumbled. Jasper put out his hand to save her, but she recovered herself without his assistance; and, shrinking farther from him, exclaimed—

"Don't touch me!"

There was almost a cry of pain in her tone, and Jasper asked—

"Are you hurt?"

"No!"

"Then, after a moment's silence, she added—

"Yes—I am hurt. Not in my foot, though, but in my heart. What have you done to make everything grow dark, Jasper? I thought it was all going to be light. I don't know how, but it was burning steadily until you came. You promised—

Here she hesitated, and Jasper asked—

"What did I promise, Diana?"

The question brought another shadow over her—another cloud, to hide away the light. But a few hours ago, it had seemed so clear to her that Jasper had set aside all his objections to her engagement—that he was going to make everything pleasant and straight for her; and now, all seemed to have resolved itself into indistinctness. She could remember no actual promise that he had made to this effect, only the general impression that she had gathered from his words.

"What did I promise?" repeated Jasper, taking advantage of her hesitation.

"That—that—at least, you made me believe that you would like John Carteret; and now—"

"I cannot help what you chose to believe, Diana—though I have no objection to liking Mr. Carteret, if he will allow himself to be liked; which, as far as I can make out, does not seem to be his wish or intention. So far, he appears to me to be a very unamiable sort of person."

"That is because there is something wrong. He never was so strange before as he was to-day. I know there is some cause for it, though I do not know what the cause is. What have you done, Jasper?"

For she felt, instinctively, that Jasper was in some way or other connected with the altered manner of John Carteret—that it was through him that the clouds had gathered around her paradise.

"Done! I have done nothing. I never saw Mr. Carteret before to-day."

"And you wouldn't care if you never saw him again," returned Diana, vehemently. "You didn't care to see him—you would rather not have seen him. I saw it in your face!"

"Did you see anything in Mr. Carteret's?" inquired Jasper. "There was certainly nothing encouraging in it. To me, it seemed as though he did not wish to see either of us."

"Jasper!"

And Diana's color faded from its vivid crimson, and she became deadly white—partly through excess of anger, and partly through the sudden fear that Jasper's words had called up. For she could not deny to herself that there had been something strangely repellant in John Carteret's manner—that something had occurred that had removed her from him, though she had tried to attribute it to his desire of preventing any attention being drawn to the fact of their engagement.

"My own belief," continued Jasper, "is, that Mr. Carteret would not have come into Signor Neri's at all, if you had not insisted upon it. If you recollect, he was turning away when you spoke."

No—she had not thought of it at the time, but she recalled it now. How keen-sighted Jasper had become; and she was angry at his having perceived, and having forced upon her, a disagreeable fact of which she had scarcely been aware.

And why should John Carteret have turned away, as he had never done before? Surely, Jasper was at the root of the evil; and the storm that had been gathering grew wilder within her. The old passionate temper that had been uncurbed through her untutored childhood, and that had been kept in abeyance during the halcyon time of the last few weeks, had risen almost to its height. She stopped suddenly, and, facing her companion, said—

"Jasper, you are very wicked!"

She spoke in a slow, constrained voice, that tried to be calm.

Jasper, with the perversity that had ever characterized his dealings with her, was rather pleased than otherwise. It always amused him to see Diana in a passion; and, as a child, he had often roused her. There was such an infinite variety in her action, in the quick light dancing in her eyes, in her quivering lips, and in the little foot stamping the ground in impotent rage; there was something that told of life—strong, energetic life in it; something, too, that made her seem more akin to him—that made him feel, even at this present moment, that they were not so far apart.

"Thank you, Di," he answered, quietly.

"I suppose I shall always hate you, Jasper," she said, still speaking in a measured tone, and catching her breath at every word. "I can't help it. I believe you are more wicked than I am, and I know I am very wicked. I thought I was growing better since—since— I thought I should perhaps never hate any one again; but that is over—one can't help hating one's enemies!"

Jasper Seaton winced slightly, but he replied—

"I am not your enemy, Diana."

"You are—or you would not have brought all this to pass."

"You are unreasonable, Di. I have not brought anything to pass. What have I to do with the change that you say has come to Mr. Carteret? How can it be my fault? I am as ignorant as yourself of the cause of it."

Which was the truth; though Jasper determined, whatever might be the cause, to turn John Carteret's altered manner to his own advantage.

"I told you this was a foolish engagement," he went on.

Diana made no reply.

"And one that certainly cannot be carried out."

"Why not?" asked Diana, defiantly. "Who has the power to prevent it?"

"I suppose Mr Carteret is a sensible man," continued Jasper, without attending to her question—"a reasonable man."

"What are you talking about—what do you mean? I do not understand you," said Diana.

"It is just possible," Jasper said, still speaking very quietly, "that Mr. Carteret may come to view the matter in the same light that I do. In fact, he may have already begun to do so; for, otherwise, he would have made a point of seeing me, as I am your guardian. How am I to construe his not having done so? Indeed, after this afternoon, may I not rather infer that he wishes to avoid me?"

There was no truth in what he said. Diana knew there was not; and yet it sounded so plausible, that she stood there shivering as if a chill had fallen upon her.

"It is all false! false! He does care for me!"

"How do you know?"

"How do I know?" she began—but she stopped.

How could she tell Jasper how she knew? And yet her heart told her there was no doubt of it, despite the miserable feeling that was creeping over her, and trying to stifle her belief in it.

"You only know what he told you, Di; and when a man is flirting with a girl, he will say anything. There is no dependence to be placed on his statements."

"Flirting! John Carteret! Jasper, I will not hear you."

And she put her hands over her ears, whilst her eyes shot forth contempt. Jasper removed one hand, and held it so that she could not replace it.

"But you must hear me, Diana. Mr. Carteret is probably waking up to a wiser view, and may perceive that people who have no money to marry upon cannot possibly marry."

"He knew I had none—I told him so. He does not care about it."

Jasper smiled contemptuously.

"Or said he did not. Besides, was it likely that he should believe that I would allow you to be unprovided for? That may have been his hope. But I assured Dr. Crawford yesterday that you would have anything—literally nothing; and perhaps Dr. Crawford may have said something to his friend that has had the effect of making him pause ere he takes the final leap."

"How dare you, Jasper!—how dare you?" sobbed Diana, no longer able to restrain the passion that had half choked her. "You are false, wicked—no more able to understand John Carteret than—"

"Than you are," interposed Jasper. "Mr. Carteret is a clever man, doubtless; one who would not do a foolish thing. However, I am willing to wait for time to prove whether I am right or wrong."

If Jasper had shown the slightest symptom of anger or vexation in his tone, Diana would have thrown all his words to the wind. But he was calm—deferential almost—and totally unlike what Jasper used to be in their former quarrels. There was nothing sharp or capricious in anything he had said; on the contrary, he seemed as though he was reasoning calmly for her good, and had that as his sole object. Therefore, his words had a certain amount of weight with her—or rather, they infused feelings of fear, of doubt, of suspicion, that she could not silence. John Carteret had, without doubt, wished to avoid her. He had scarcely spoken to her. There must be some reason for the constraint in his manner. What was it? And yet, again, she recalled the little importance that John Carteret in their conversations had attached to wealth. And then Jasper's insinuation crept in. He might not have believed that she was absolutely penniless. She tried to suppress the doubt as utterly unworthy of her lover; but the seed had been implanted, and its fruit would spring up.

They passed through the iron gates, and up the broad avenue; and as they approached the house, Diana sprang forward, darted up the steps, almost ran against Mrs. Seaton in the hall, and fled to her own apartments—where, locking the door, she threw herself into the one easy-chair she possessed, and sat with closed eyes, waiting until she should recover her breath, and restore her tumultuous thoughts to order.

Slowly the wild throbbing of her heart was stilled. Slowly she unclosed her eyes, and gazed round the half-furnished sitting-room.

The sun was pouring a flood of brilliant light through the west windows, bringing into unrelieved prominence each shabbiness of detail that her happiness had gilded over.

She had been playing at poverty, and she knew it now; she was only just awakening to what might be the reality.

Was this her paradise?

The poorness of the belongings struck her as forcibly as they had done Jasper. The faded tapestry, the shabby chairs, the old red tablecloth. Everything that, in her light-hearted heedlessness and ignorance of the deep significance of poverty, had seemed to her so all-sufficient, now, in her sudden revulsion of feeling, appeared as if leagued together to mock her; for now she was looking at them with other eyes than her own, and asking herself whether a man of refinement, like John Carteret, would be willing to go through the world as she, under the shadow of his care, was willing to do? What was she, that he would cast in his lot with her, and go hand in hand through life with her?

She did not soften to herself one time-worn, patched, or mended excrescence, one shortcoming, one flaw, one blemish, that had hitherto been invisible. She sat there, beginning for the first time to realize the sordidness of poverty—its depressing influences; its hard battle with its enemy, the world.

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

It had been Dr. Crawford's text on the previous Sunday; and she had sat listening to the sermon, and dreaming how little outward circumstances or luxury of any kind mattered; every now and then stealing a glance at John Carteret in the rectory pew, to see whether his thoughts were even as her thoughts, and to try to catch some new inspiration from his spiritual face. She had alternately gazed and listened, until she seemed to be carried above the world into some region whence she could look down upon it; and it appeared to her as insignificant as the tiny silver lines the rivers thread through miniature valleys when seen from the high mountain, whose summit rises nigher to Heaven.

But as she looked round her room to-day, her thoughts flew to the well-furnished home of the preacher, and to his well-appointed establishment. And she drew a practical comment.

What did he know of the words he had preached? What experience had he had of the soul-life that can suffer the want of all things—he who never felt the need? Perhaps, after all, there was nothing in the sermon.

Meanwhile, Jasper Seaton had reached the house at a slower pace.

"Have you and Di been quarrelling?" asked Mrs. Seaton, as her son entered the library where she was sorting out some papers. She did not look up at him, but went on with her employment—scarcely, perhaps, expecting an answer.

"We have not quarrelled," answered Jasper, in a forced, measured tone, that made Mrs. Seaton turn her head quickly and regard him attentively.

"What is the matter?" she said, stopping nearer to him.

"Nothing!"

Mrs. Seaton came a little nearer. A new light was slowly dawning upon her.

"Have you any *new* reason for objecting to her engagement?"

"No—only the old one: that, neither with my consent, nor without it—if I can help it—shall Diana marry that man."

He spoke more vehemently now, and the light dawned clearer and clearer to Mrs. Seaton. Dare she give utterance to it? She hesitated.

"One would think you were in love with Di yourself, Jasper—only it is so impossible!"

He started up. It sounded strange to hear it in actual spoken words, though he believed the words were spoken at random. Still, they had taken effect. They echoed through the room and hissed in his ears, as though the thought were presented to him for the first time.

"Nonsense!" he said. "What nonsense you are talking, mother. Is it not natural that I should look after Di's interests?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Seaton, with a sigh, thinking how pleasant it would have been to have settled Diana quietly, and be free from all anxiety respecting her. Besides, the truth was growing very clear to Mrs. Seaton, although she forbore to let her son perceive that she knew it. She had borne with Diana, for his sake. She was willing to bear with her being his wife, if it should please Jasper—though she wondered at Jasper's fancy.

But how it was going to be brought about, she could not imagine; for Diana was certainly in earnest, and her attachment was not mere caprice, or the whim of the moment.

Mrs. Seaton looked at Jasper, who was striding up and down the room, as was his wont when he was excited. She almost pitied him—if she could be said to feel pity towards one for whom her love amounted to idolatry; and from that moment, she was an enemy of John Carteret's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Seward in India.

Mr. Seward was resuming his perennial youth under the skies of India, at Allahabad, when last heard from in extended mention, and the account of his honorings, pleasurings and other doings there comes hither in the shape of a journal kept by Miss Olive Risley, one of his travelling companions and his adopted daughter. He was invited to Pattealla by a note from the Maharajah, the precious missive coming in a gold embroidered silk envelope tied with a cord, to which hung a seal "as large as the palm of my hand," says the fair writer. Blue velvet carriages were sent for the party, the Maharajah himself coming to meet them, and they were escorted to the city gates amid an escort of soldiery, calcium lights, music and cannon. There twenty-four elephants stood in line, with "housings of gold cloth and ear-rings that came to their feet." Mr. Seward and the ladies climbed up the sides of these magnificent animals by ladders of silver, and seated themselves in howdahs of gold cushioned with crimson velvet; and thus they entered the city. Three miles they rode the elephants, through avenues of torches, until they alighted at a gorgeous palace. "This is yours," said the Maharajah to Mr. Seward, as they entered. The next day they were treated to an elephant fight, and held a reception, where they sat on gold chairs, and saw dancing girls, and the Maharajah gave Mr. Seward a turban and each of the ladies a Cashmere shawl. The Maharajah did not wear his best clothes on this occasion, but he showed them to the ladies, telling them that one coat cost him twelve thousand dollars. To do them honor he wore his turban with thirty-six diamonds "as big as the end of my fingers," and a necklace of the same. They each had an elephant to ride home on in the moonlight. Reading this account, one is at a loss to know which to consider the more fortunate, the ladies in having such a travelling companion as Mr. Seward, or the lively ex-secretary in having such sprightly chroniclers of his triumphal progress.

☞ Nilsson is a billiardess.

☞ A Danville, Ill., bride is sweet twelve and a half years of age.

☞ A Yankee in England being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced lauration by declaring that "they had a gal in Boston only eleven years old, who could chew gum in seven different languages with her eyes shut."

☞ The song of the ladies at West Point: "How I love the Military." Song of the cadets: "How I love the Millinery."

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A man sent a note to a rich neighbor, with whom he was on friendly terms, to borrow an ass for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, to whom he did not wish to expose his ignorance. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, he reflected a moment, and turned to the servant. "Very good," said he, "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

☞ If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh why need they both squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall, and yet he welcomes her approach by an unearthly yawl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl, and lift his precious back up high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love, that made that fellow groan.

☞ If a person swallows poison, take a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in half a glass of water and make the patient swallow it immediately; in a few seconds he will vomit the poison. If the physician has not arrived by this time, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee.

☞ For gentlemen the English standing collar, with turned down points in front, is the most popular at present. For midsummer the preference will be given to deep turned over collars, quite large and worn very low at the throat in Byron fashion.

☞ Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bedtime, and let sleep come to a mind of peace with God and all the world.

☞ It is the misfortune of great men to be misrepresented. Although it is well known that Mr. Greeley has been a strong advocate of "division of labor," it is not a fact that the venerable philosopher in his learned essays upon "What I Know About Farming," advises farmers to divide their cows into two herds, one to give buttermilk and the other sweet milk.

☞ PATHETIC.—A Norwich authority tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its leg to a telegraph wire. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it; but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder and carefully unwound the string, and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pie than he expected.

☞ At West Point, Nilsson came down to breakfast "in a lilac morning walking costume, plain lace color and cuffs, with simple ornaments and jewels. Her ample blonde hair was gathered neatly, as usual in braids." And in that style she "played tag" with the children in the halls.

☞ The importance of careful punctuation cannot be insisted on too urgently. Here are a few instances which illustrate it:—"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterwards." "Lost, an enamelled lady's gold watch and charms."

☞ The editor of the Bangor (Me.) Whig says he recently saw a large number of young ladies enter a public hall with dishevelled hair and hatbrims apparently wrinkled and broken, and, as he fancied, with excited countenances. "Upon inquiring what the riot was about," says he, "imagine our chagrin when told it was the fashion."

☞ While diamonds are increasing in value, pearls seem to be somewhat depreciated. The famous pearl necklace bridal gift of the ex-Empress Eugenie to the Princess Anna Murat has been sold in London for 90,000 francs. Its original cost was 300 000 francs.

☞ A school-teacher spelled out the word "g-r-a-c-e," and asked a scholar to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him, "What did your father say this morning before eating his breakfast?" The boy thought a minute, and then cried, "Pa said, 'Hang those eggs, they're all bad!'"

☞ Rochester has a gold fish with two tails.

☞ The result of sudden joy is thus exemplified: Mrs. Annie Breed, of Norwich, Connecticut, died recently and left $20,000 to a faithful servant, Abby Nilsey, for twenty years of devotion. The domestic was so delighted with the legacy that she died of excess of felicity in less than two weeks.

☞ PROPER ANSWER.—A conceited swell asked the ticket-seller: "I say, eh, must I, eh, take a ticket for a pup, eh?" "Yes, if you mean to ride on our trains."

☞ Drinkers of strong tea have bad complexions.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls sold at from $5,00@6,25 for superfine; $6,50@6 for extra; $6,25@6,75 for Penna; $6,50@7,50 for Indiana and Ohio family; $6,00@6,75 for Northwest extra family, and $7,50@8 50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—37,000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for Western red; $1,40@1,45 for Penna red; $1,60@1,63 for Western amber, and $1,67@1,73 ₱ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1,00@1,05 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 56,000 bus at 74@76c ₱ bus for yellow. Oats—Sales of 91,000 bus at 64@66c ₱ bus for mixed, and 65@67c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $16 ₱ bbl. Wardman's city packed extra Mess Beef at $18. Beef Hams $36@38. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; canvased Western at 14@15c; sides at 8½@10c, and shoulders at 7½@7½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; sides at 7½@8½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6½. Lard—Sales 10@10½@c for city and Western and steam and kettle rendered; 100 tierces manufacturing at 9½c. Cheese—Sales of factory at 11@13c for new. Butter—Sales of solid packed at at 16@18c, and choice grades at 20@25c. Eggs sell at 16@16c. Good and fresh lots commanded 20@21c.

COTTON—900 bales of middlings sold at 20¼@21c ₱ lb for upland and New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $13 to $18 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BREESWAX at 32@34c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Apples and Peaches—the former may be quoted at 6½@7c, and the latter at 10@14c for halves.

HOPS—Prime at 15@16c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs. $1,40@1,45; mixed do. $1,15@1,25; Straw, $1,45@1,52.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 100 tons No 1 Foundry at $25 ₱ ton; and No. 1 at $23; Bar $75, and Scotch Pig at $32@33 ₱ ton. Nails retail $4,75 ₱ keg.

SEEDS—$2,15 for Flaxseed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. 350 Cows brought from $40 to $90 ₱ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $6,50 to $7,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Brigham Young was 70 years old last week, and all the bishops called on him and wept.

☞ Dispatches from various points in Colorado are delayed by the inconvenient habit the settlers have of hanging horse-thieves to the telegraph wires.

☞ Louisville deacons make change for the economical contributors when they pass money-box around after service.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York

ap28-tf

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED *from all parts of the body in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 108 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may27-13t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 108 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27 13t

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july1-4

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

500,000 **PEOPLE** have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1857. ap8-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8-3m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician,"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

All Women are not Beautiful, but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of having a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 35 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best, and the most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. jn17-4

Interesting to Ladies.

We have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in constant use in our family for ten years, and up to this time it has not cost me one cent for repairs. It is always ready for any kind of work, and the experience of ten years has proven its *reliability* as much as its *durability*. My wife is so well pleased with its work that she could not be induced to exchange it for one of any other make.

SAMUEL SCOTT,
Bible Society Agent,
Dayton, O.

This is the season of the year when the system should be thoroughly purged of the humors which create disease. There is no purgative or cathartic so mild and efficacious as HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS, causing neither nausea or griping pains—as is the case with the ordinary cheap patent pills of the day—most of which are composed of calomel or mercury, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced persons. After thoroughly purging the system use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA, the Great Blood Purifier, and they will insure new life, new blood, and renewed vigor. Try them.

GOD NEVER WILLED IT.

"As I live, saith the Lord, I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

In answer to "God Wills it so."

Poor fallen drunkard! I've heard your plea—
I've listened patiently through to the end.
And it seems the most *cowardly* thing to me
That ever I heard in my lifetime, friend.
Such a cowardly thing to lay the blame
Of your own misdeeds on the God of Love.
To try and *creep out* of your sin and shame,
By placing it all on the One above.

"God wills it so." Oh, craven soul!
Those words were uttered in haste, I hope.
He no more willed you should die by the bowl,
Than He willed that Ruloff should die by the rope.
Unto each mortal two paths are given,
One leading downward to ruin and death,
One leading upward to peace and heaven.
"Both lie before ye, choose!" God saith.

And if, knowing the right from the day,
You turn from virtue, preferring shame;
If with eyes wide open you choose the way
That leads to destruction, is God's the blame?
Urge other excuses: say you are weak—
The way down to ruin is fair, I know.
And the red wine sparkles and flushes the cheek.
But never again say God *willed* it so.

You "never asked for this life!" Well, now
Suppose a Rothschild should will to me
A million of money—unasked, you know—
Must I go and toss it into the sea,
Or cast it into the flames, and say
"I am what I am—I do what I do,
And good may come out of this some day?"
Would it not sound foolish and wild to you?

"But life is so full of pain, passion and strife."
Well, money brings troubles and trials untold.
That does not excuse you for wasting your life—
This does not excuse me for wasting my gold.
Both are great blessings, if properly used.
God never meant us to waste either one.
And the gift, life or gold, is a curse if abused.
But no "curses" are willed us by God or His Son.

Yes, it troubles me, friend, to see any soul
Going down in the waters of dark despair.
To see a life wasted and wrecked by the bowl—
And to hear the mad lips cry, "I do not care."
Cease that wild wail of "God willed it so."
Look up to heaven, instead, and *pray*.
God will lean down if you ask Him, I know:
He will hear if you call to Him, night or day.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Permit me to introduce the speaker, Mr. Haskell, Western stage driver—a man muscular, and with an eye as keen and unflinching as an eagle's.

"I drove the stage from New Sharon to Wexter, a distance of thirty miles. In the spring and fall when the travel was bad, I always tarried over night at Wexter, going down to New Sharon the next day, but during the summer I only tarried for fresh horses there, and returned by night. I liked that plan better, for it gave me some leisure to be with my family.

This night of which I am going to tell you was late autumn. It had been a mighty tough rain storm all the way up—a northeaster, just as full of needle points as they could stuff it. Fine hail, you understand, and rain freezing up and frosting your beard, giving one a remarkable if not a pleasing cast of countenance. I had but two passengers up, an old man with very white hair and beard, and a younger man with a slight stoop, and no other peculiarity that I had noticed. I took the mail-bags outside with me under the trot.

I wasn't a particle sorry when the village of Wexford blinked at me with its numerous eyes from crevices in the showers of driving sleet.

Wexford was dignified by the name of village, or South Wexford, more properly, for there was only a meagre collection of five or six houses, and I drove through this place, usually putting up at the half-way house, as it was termed. Beyond this half-way house was Wexford proper, with quite a bustling business air in its one huge smoke-stack, and the row of stores well punctuated with the marks of Western civilization—drinking done. The other stage route ended here on account of the roughness of road—a postman jolting the distance between the half-way house and there to connect the mail line. This half-way house had a sorry reputation on account of the villainous class of roughs that frequented it to have a game of poker, or a bit of slug fight. I had watched the games scores of times without allowing myself to be drawn into them, or disturbed by them. As I said, I only tarried in Wexford during the bad riding of early spring and late autumn. But to come back to the night of the storm. It was much as might be expected. A small number of the ruffianly fellows were in the bar-room, but the night was rather threatening for the mass to come out. In fact, I brought in the stage about all the noticeable persons destined to study the cloudy heavens that night through the bottom of mine host's glasses. There was black Dave—an appendix general to the tavern, as clumsy looking a piece of clown as one would care to see; and Powder Bill, a second class ruffian, who had gained his cognomen by having had his face somehow blown full of powder. Besides these there were several loafers in no wise remarkable. Of this I was glad for I was aware that the mail-bag was unusually heavy. I knew that there were quite large sums of money expected by different persons about that time, and I should be glad enough when the responsibility was off my shoulders. We passed a sociable evening. The chatting turned upon practical joking, and the dangers oftentimes resulting therefrom. The person who participated the least in the conversation was my passenger up—the man with the stoop in the shoulders. I had learned that his name was Jenks. While this one and that one told their tales, his sharp, downcast eyes would, in spite of himself, turn continually towards that corner of the room where I had tossed my mail bags. On the other hand the old fellow with the long, white hair was the most boisterous talker of the group. His laugh was the loudest, his puffs of smoke the most frequent, and his voice strengthened with his rising spirits, lost much of the quaver noticeable in elderly persons.

I was both astonished at him, and delighted also. To find a man slipping down the shady side of life's hill, gay and disposed to make merry with his friends, is as rare an occurrence as it is exhilarating to witness. He had a peculiarity about the face which you sometimes see, and which gives an effect singular if not pleasant to the beholder. He had very bright, rapidly revolving eyes, under bushy black brows, brows scraggly enough to suggest miniature crow's nests roughly piled together. He called himself Stowel, and I judged him to be a stranger in those parts, in truth he incautiously made mention of the fact that he was on government business. At mention of this I found Jenks furtively and steadily regarding him from the corner of his eyes. My feelings had settled into fixed distrust of Jenks before the evening was half spent; on the other hand the entire company, if I except Jenks, mentally pronounced the old fellow, Stowel, a jolly old fellow—just the one to while away a dull evening. After some quite loud boasting of courage and brave deeds by several of the party, and this one telling what *he* would do, and that one affirming what *he* would *not* do under such and such circumstances, a motion was made for bed. The old fellow, with a separate good-night to all, was shown to his room first, at his own request, Jenks and myself going last. The glances which this fellow cast at the bags as I took them up to my room were not particularly reassuring. I thought at first to speak of my suspicions to the landlord, and then I felt ashamed to do so and went into my room. Turning on the threshold I was unpleasantly surprised to see Jenks standing outside of his room and regarding me with a fixed gaze.

"Blundering fool!" said I to myself, "if his intentions are to rob me he has taken the mode of proceeding to put me on my guard."

I closed my door and locked it securely, dumped the mail-bags in the corner, and being weary, immediately undressed and retired.

I lay for a long time, turning this way and that, made restless I suspected by continually winking of Jenks, and his strange conduct. I grew angry at last with myself for allowing him to keep me before my vision, but this state of mind did not tend to sleepiness, I assure you. While I lay tossing about, I heard one after another of the members of the family go to bed. Still that infernal Jenks kept before me. I muttered anathemas and turned over again.

Now comes the singular part of the affair. I must have fallen asleep for a moment. I dreamed that I was in that very house, in that very room and bed—that I had fallen asleep, and woke up with the impression that there was some one under the bed. That I did not know how to ascertain the truth of it without causing the robber and murderer to spring upon me unawares; that having a boyish trick of stuffing my pockets with everything, I felt in there for a marble, found it—and leaning cautiously from the forward edge of the bed, dropped, or rolled it towards the back side or wall of the room, thinking as I did so, that if there was no one there it would roll across and strike the mop-board with a sharp click. I dreamed that the marble rolled but a little ways, struck something and stopped—that I looked under the bed and found Stowel instead of Jenks, with murder written upon his face. Then there was a confused plan of what I said and did.

I came to full consciousness from this dream, or incubus state, and shamed and turned again to see if I really were awake now. My whole body was damp, the sweat standing in cold drops upon my face, so great had been my suffering in that few moments' sleep. It was so strange, so frightfully real, that I shifted to the other side, and as silently as possible drew up my pants and felt in the pocket. My fingers touched a bullet that was lying loose amidst other rubbish. I drew it out, and with such a sensation as I never experienced before and hope never to again, I prepared for the dream test. Reaching my hand well down towards the floor I gave it a roll towards the back of the bed. It moved a foot or two and—Great God! it struck something soft and *stopped*.

My heart stopped beating for a minute, and globules of fire swam before my face, peopling the darkness with horrors. There was no choice but to fill up the programme of the dream. I sprang from the bed before my muscles were paralyzed with terror, and called out—

"Here you, Stowell"—I actually intended to say Jenks, but could not—"come out from there and have done with this sort of practical joking. No sound about the house. The stormy clouds tearing away overhead, allowed a watery moonlight to flood the room.

"Stowel," I called again, "I am in no mood for this sort of practical joking. I have not boasted of my courage, but I shall discharge my pistol under the bed, hit or miss, in one moment more."

There was a thumping and a rustling—the spread was swept aside, and God of Heaven! it was Stowel. I could see his white hair and beard. Before he had come to an upright position, for I could plainly discern all objects, I had sprung to the door to shoot for help. I had not turned the key when I heard a leap outside, and the instant that the bolt fell back from the socket a man sprang into the room; a pistol ball grazed my ear, another shot, and two forms were struggling upon the floor. I was but a moment inactive, the next I had planted a blow all in the butt of my pistol somewhere upon the gray head, that stretched the villain senseless, almost at the instant receiving the flash of a pistol in the side of the head, which, had it not providentially refused fire, must have materially interfered with my future powers of narration.

Much confusion followed. The landlord rushed in; the landlady also; the latter, however, rushing out as quickly when she beheld my undress uniform. Everything was explained directly. Jenks was my rescuer, Jenks whom I had no doubted; and he said to me, "Look here!" and he removed the false beard and white hair of the robber, exposing to our startled gaze the clean face and close-cropped hair of a "sentenced for life" penitentiary man.

"He escaped two weeks ago from ——, and eluded pursuit. I got on the track of him at D troit, and have followed him, off and on, ever since. He came up from New Sharon purposely to rob, and if need be to murder you. His joviality, his apparent good humor allayed all suspicion. I could read his plans when he went first to bed. He stowed himself into some closet or corner of your room to wait for you to fall asleep. I remained close by your door, and should have warned you, but feared to arouse the suspicions of the fellow, lest he should again make off."

Since I was really saved by the dream, I consider it remarkable. I distrust remarkably jolly people now, and take into favor sober, silent appearing persons.

Jenks was a detective.

THE PRINCESS WHO WENT TO THE MOON.

A Fairy Story Adapted for the Saturday Evening Post, by Frances A. Shaw.

I.

There was once a Princess to whom her fairy god-mother had given a very costly ring in which there was a wishing-stone. Whenever she wore this ring, anything she wished came to pass. One evening she went to walk in the garden, and as she gazed at the full moon in the blue depths above, and looked down into the crystal pond where its silvery disk was mirrored, she was seized with a longing to visit the lovely planet. "Oh, how I wish I was there!" she exclaimed, without once thinking that she wore the ring with the magic stone.

Scarce had the words left her lips, when she felt herself softly floating upward, higher and higher, until her father's royal palace seemed a mere point in the distance. On, on she went, until she at last reached the moon.

In her bewilderment she kept twirling the ring round and round on her finger—and scarce had she set foot on the moon, when it slipped off and fell straight down to the earth. Without the ring, all her wishes to return home were vain; but whining and weeping would avail nothing—and she thought she might as well look around and see how things pleased her on the moon.

Bright and warm as the moon had looked to her while on the earth, she found it really bitter cold. It was late autumn, and things looked bleak and sad enough. Far as the eye could reach, there were only black rocks and mountains, from whose tops rose clouds of smoke. There was no town, she saw no building near or far.

But after wandering about for a long time, the Princess discerned away off, a tumble-down old hut. She hastened to it and found a thorn-bush before the door, and a lantern hung up at its one window. In the doorway sat an old, old man with white hair, who smoked his pipe, and from time to time rubbed his hands as if they were cold. The Princess knew that he must be the Man of the Moon, and she said good-evening as sweetly as possible.

The grim old man nodded indifferently, but returned no answer. The Princess did not allow this cool reception to trouble her; but at once asked if he knew of any place where she could obtain board and lodging.

The old curmudgeon took his pipe from his mouth, tapped it against the thorn-bush, and answered gruffly—

"You should have stayed at home if you are such a simpleton as to believe that people come to the moon to eat and drink."

"Oh, unhappy me!" sighed the Princess Lilian—for Lilian was her name—"I must perish from hunger and thirst, for I have lost my wishing-ring, and cannot return to the earth."

When the old man saw how distressed Lilian was, and when he found that she was a King's daughter, he began to pity her, and he said—

"You can live with me. You shall keep my house in order; and in return, I will give you food and drink, and a little chamber and a bed."

Poor as the accommodations were, the Princess gladly accepted them. She thanked the old man again and again; and at night this Princess Lilian, whose bed at home was eider-down with satin coverlets and curtains, slept upon a bed of straw, covered with an old woollen quilt.

The old man wakened her early to get breakfast, which was only a soup made of such poor vegetables as grow in the moon, and which at home she would have called weeds.

After breakfast, the Man of the Moon lay down to take a nap—for he always sleeps at day and keeps awake at night. Lilian had to sweep the hut and put things to rights—a heavy task for the dainty fingers of a Princess. Sighing, she thought of her father's palace, with its many beautiful apartments—and as she gazed out on the black, hollow mountains which had once been volcanoes, and the bleak, rocky landscape, she could but contrast all this with the lovely groves and gardens around her father's palace.

In dusting the poor furniture, Lilian found a long wooden box, into which she peeped and saw a telescope, the only treasure the Man of the Moon possessed. She carefully took out this telescope, and gazing through it saw all that was going on upon the earth. In her father's palace, the King and Queen were pacing up and down wringing their hands, while messengers were constantly going and coming. She knew that all this was on her account, and wept bitterly.

She took care to lay aside the telescope before the old man awoke. He was in a very bad humor because Lilian had not cut his tobacco, and he scolded her roundly for her laziness.

Dinner and supper were just like breakfast—a sort of porridge of herbs, which Lilian could not have eaten at all if she had not been very hungry; but the old man declared that the diet was excellent, and that no other agreed with him. He might as well have been content—for baker, cook, or butcher had never been heard of on the moon.

After dinner the old man took another nap; and when Lilian had done up the work and trimmed and cleaned the great lantern at the window, she went out for a walk; but everything was so bleak and desolate as to make her sad. At length she sat down to rest—and as she thought of her kind parents, of her lovely home, and all that was dear to her upon the earth, she began to sob and cry as if her heart would break. And while her tears flowed in torrents, every now and then she would wipe them up with her long, golden hair.

II.

All at once, right behind her, she heard a gentle voice like the tone of silver bells, saying: "Why do you weep, dear young girl?" and looking around she saw a bird of the rarest beauty. His splendid feathers, blue as heaven, were sown with golden stars, while around his body were silver rings.

Dazzled and astonished, Lilian stared dumbly at the bird until he asked the second time: "Why do you weep, dear young girl?"

"Have I not reason to weep?" replied Lilian; and then, with gushing tears, she told her story.

The bird listened attentively, and then in his silvery voice he said: "Charming princess, you must not despair. It will indeed be a hard task to find the ring you have lost, but fortune helping me, it shall be done. By day I am not allowed to leave the moon, but when night comes I will fly down to the earth to seek the lost treasure. Now, I must bid you adieu."

"Where do you live, beautiful bird, and what is your name?" asked Lilian as they parted.

"My dwelling," answered the bird, "is far higher than your eye can reach, and my name is Hyacinth."

"Where have you been?" asked the old man of the moon gruffly as Lilian entered the hut. "Your shoes are all torn by the stones; you must have been running after that silly bird who is forever disturbing my slumbers with his foolish sing-song. If I could only get hold of him, I'd wring his neck."

"Oh, you old villain!" thought the princess, pale with the anger she dared not show.

"And you have been meddling with my telescope," growled the old fellow. "If you do so again, I'll drive you out of my house!" But he only said this to frighten Lilian; he liked to have her cook for him, and take care of his hut, so that he could sleep whenever he wished. He thought that if the princess kept peeping through the telescope, she would soon die of very longing to be back upon the earth. He also warned her not to go from the hut, lest the wild bears might tear her into pieces.

Lilian was clever enough not to believe a word about the bears, she knew that there were none on the moon, but that the old man just wanted to frighten her so she would not dare to stray far from the hut. After supper, when she had lighted the lantern, she retired to her little room, and all night long dreamed the loveliest dreams, while the old man sat before the door whiffing mighty columns of smoke into the air. Every little while he would relight his pipe with a huge thorn from the thornbush, and throw it yet glowing, down to the earth. Then the people on the earth would say: *There goes a shooting star!*

The next morning when Lilian swept and dusted the house, she could not resist the longing to take out the telescope and peep down to her father's palace. She saw the doors and windows all draped in black, and a great throng of people clad in mourning, who were coming and going to pay visits of condolence to her parents.

At this sight Lilian's tears so blinded her that she could gaze no further.

The bird Hyacinth had not forgotten his promise; and, at twilight, he flew down to the earth. It was no light matter to seek so small an object as the wishing-ring; who could tell into what abyss, into what fathomless sea it might have fallen? But as the wonder stone shone more brightly than any diamond, he thought it might perhaps be seen glowing through the darkness.

He flew directly to the sea-shore, and there sat a mermaid, whose long golden hair was confined by a silver comb, and who in a low, sweet voice, sang a song to which the waves kept time.

"Beautiful sea-nymph," said Hyacinth; "have you seen a ring fall to the earth—a ring in which there is a stone brighter than any diamond?"

"Charming bird," replied the mermaid, "I saw the ring fall. It dropped into the depth of the sea, and I know who has it, but I will not tell without reward."

"And what do you demand?" asked Hyacinth.

"Give me a feather from your wing."

Hyacinth gave her the feather, and she exclaimed, "Ah, how beautiful! It is an ugly old sea-spider that has found the ring, and she keeps it by her day and night."

"Obtain the ring for me," said Hyacinth, "and name your reward."

The mermaid replied: "I must first see if the old sea-spider will let me have it."

The bird could tarry no longer, for by daybreak he must be upon the moon. "I will come again," he said, as he flew away.

As soon as the old Man in the Moon was asleep, Lilian stole out to meet Hyacinth. He was already awaiting her, and after telling her of his partial success, he vowed to fly to the earth every night until he brought back the ring.

When Lilian returned to the hut, the old man greeted her with a storm of reproaches, for he knew that she had again been looking through the telescope by her tears which had fallen upon it. Lilian answered not a word to the old man's growls and threats; she thought only of the ring and of the bird Hyacinth, who just as twilight fell, had again flown to the earth.

The sea-nymph again sat on the shore and sang her song, to which the winds and the waves kept time.

"Beautiful mermaiden," said Hyacinth, "have you the ring?"

"Charming bird," replied the water-nymph, "how should I have it, when the old sea-spider asks such a price for it?"

"And what does she ask?"

"Nothing less than the silver comb which confines my hair."

"Only give it to her," said the bird, "and I will pay you whatever price you demand."

The sea-nymph replied: "You must give me three of your most beautiful feathers."

Hyacinth took the three longest feathers from his wing, gave them to the mermaid, and then flew back to the moon.

When Princess Lilian remarked the loss of the lovely feathers, she burst into tears. "Ah, what a sacrifice, good Hyacinth!" she cried; "how can I ever repay you?"

The bird replied: "Do not grieve, sweet Princess; I have sworn that I will not rest until the ring is again on your finger; but it may also be in your power to do me a great favor."

"Heaven grant it!" said Lilian; "only tell me what it is."

"When you recover the ring with the wonder-stone, touch my head and breast with it three times and say:

> "By this ring's charm I call on thee,
> Bird, from thy prison-house be free—
> Throw off this spell as dark as night,
> And claim again thy royal right."

"Is that all?" cried the Princess Lilian. "Why, even a child could do that!"

The third night the bird flew down to the sea-side and said: "Beautiful mermaid, have you the ring?"

"Yes, I have it," replied the mermaid; "what will you give me for it?"

"Anything you demand that is in my power."

"Well, said the mermaid, "I want all the feathers from your wings."

"That is a great deal to ask," returned Hyacinth. "I shall look like a scare-crow; but never mind!" he added, and plucking out all the beautiful feathers, he gave them to the water-sprite, who at once dived with them beneath the waves, and quick as thought rose again, bearing on one of her snowy fingers the beautiful ring.

Hyacinth seized the precious treasure in his beak, and with it soared aloft into the air.

Princess Lilian, who, regardless of the old man's threats, had again been stealing a glance through the telescope, was seized with a such a longing to return to the earth that it seemed as if her heart would burst. Trembling between fear and hope, she stole from the house at the usual hour, and went to the place where Hyacinth was awaiting her.

At sight of the pitiable appearance of the bird, she wept bitterly. But Hyacinth said: "Dry your tears, sweet Princess, for I have brought the ring!"

Scarce was the ring on her finger, when forgetting her promise to the bird, in her passionate longing for home and parents, she cried: "Oh, if I were only in my father's palace!"

No sooner had she uttered these words than she felt herself seized, as by invisible hands, and borne through the air. Hyacinth could not follow, for day was breaking, and he must remain on the moon.

As in a dream, Lilian reached the earth and found herself in her father's palace. Messengers, hastening from all sides, breathless and covered with dust, entered to bring the mournful tidings that near and far no trace of the Princess Lilian was to be found; but at sight of Lilian the sorrow was changed to joy.

The black draperies were quickly removed, and soon gay banners and streamers were floating everywhere, while the doors and windows were festooned with garlands, and the great palace court was strewn with flowers. Never had there been such rejoicing, and the king in thanks to heaven which had restored to him his dearest treasure, made a great feast, and summoning the poor from far and near, scattered among them handfuls of gold. So great was the festivity that in after years the people used to say, "All goes merry as on the day when the Princess Lilian returned."

After awhile the Princess told her story, and at mention of the bird Hyacinth she began to sob and cry, as now for the first time she realized how poor a return she had made for his kindness. The parents asked why she wept, but she was ashamed to confess how ungrateful she had been. At the close of her story, the king said: "If I could only find this bird Hyacinth, I would reward him even to the half of my kingdom."

These words made Lilian's heart more heavy than ever, and she said to herself: "There is not in the whole world such an ungrateful creature as I! How can I hope that things will go well with me?"

At midnight, as the Princess lay in deepest sleep, there was a knocking at her window, and it was Hyacinth, who said softly: "Princess Lilian, do you sleep? But the Princess slept on and did not hear. Then he spoke more loudly: "Dear Princess, I implore you open your window to the bird Hyacinth, for day will soon dawn, and he must fly back to the moon."

And the poor bird waited and plead in vain, for the Princess who was much wearied with her journey slept so soundly, that she did not hear a word, and at dawn Hyacinth again flew back to the moon. All that day Lilian was very sad, for she thought constantly of Hyacinth. She would have wished herself back to the moon, but did not dare for fear she might again lose the magic ring. The King and Queen remarked their daughter's secret sorrow, but Lilian would not confess its cause.

The second night the bird again came knocking at the window and asked: "Princess Lilian are you asleep?"

Lilian was still very weary, and slept on as before without hearing a single word.

Then the bird said mournfully: "Ah, Princess, I did all I could for you, and now you have forgotten me!"

At these words Lilian started up as in a dream, but she did not waken. All day long her heart was very heavy; she could not remember her dreams, but she knew that last night some dream had gone like a sword through her heart.

The third time, at midnight, Hyacinth knocked at her window and spoke in a tone so sad and despairing that all the flowers in the garden drooped their heads and shed dewy tears of sorrow. "Wake up, Princess Lilian, wake up or you will never see me again."

Then Lilian started up from sleep, rose and opened the window and the bird flew in. "Welcome dear, dear Hyacinth!" said Lilian, "you little know the sorrow I have had on your account. It was only love and longing for my parents that led me to forget you."

The bird then flew down into the garden, saying, "Dearest Princess, I will await you and claim your promise." Lilian hastily dressed and followed. Then thrice with the ring she touched the bird's head and breast, repeating the rhyme he had taught her.

The bird vanished, and in his place a handsome youth splendidly dressed in blue and gold stood before the Princess. He fell upon his knees, seized Lilian's hand and said: "Beloved Princess, I am the same Hyacinth; a bird no longer, but a mighty king's son. Deign to accept my love and truth!"

Before Lilian could answer a word the King and Queen entered the garden, not a little surprised to see at this hour a handsome stranger-prince on his knees before their daughter. They had been wakened by the mournful tones of the bird, and fearing that some great evil was about to happen to the Princess Lilian, they had risen and followed her.

The Prince soon solved the riddle of his sudden appearance and added: "I am the son of a mighty king, and from boyhood I have delighted in the chase. One day, as a punishment for my having wounded a milk-white deer, her especial favorite, a malicious wood-nymph, repeating some magic words, thrice touched me on the head and breast, and changed me into a bird. I was, at that time, lying half asleep in the moonlight, and this gave her power over me."

Prince Hyacinth then respectfully sued for the hand of the Princess Lilian. The King and Queen gave a ready assent, and Miss Lilian did not say the young man nay you may be sure.

The next month at full moon the wedding was celebrated with great splendor. And if you who read this story are not delighted at so pleasant a turn of affairs, I really hope that when the grim old Man of the Moon gets tired of his office you may be chosen to fill it, for it would just suit you.

"FOUR FEET, NINE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY GEO. WITMER.

I know a girl with lily hands,
And eyes almost divine;
And in her high-heeled boots she stands
Exactly four feet, nine.

I asked my maid the other day,
"Say, will you not be mine?"
She answered in her careless way,
"I'm only four feet, nine!"

Now, let not that, my bonny fair,
Delay the joyous time;
For *size* will not my love impair
For my own "four feet, nine."

The jewels in the casket laid
Are small, though superfine;
The roses in the garden shade
Are less than "four feet, nine."

So come, my dear, my suit approve,
And let me claim thee mine;
And I will bless the power of love
That gave me "four feet, nine."

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER XV.

SEEN BY MOONLIGHT.

"You had better come back to Beechhurst Dene, Geoffry."

The speaker was Sir Dene. They had just returned from the funeral, and Sir Dene had entered Geoffry's home with him, leaving the other mourners—John Clanwaring, George Arde, and William Owen—to disperse. Mr. Clanwaring had condescended to attend the funeral. Sir Dene put it to him strongly—that he *ought* to do it. So he delayed yet his departure from town, and waited. It probably went against the grain to stand side by side with William Owen, mourners at the same grave: but John, cool and impassive, made no sign. He had condescended to shake hands with Geoffry, and say he sympathized with him in his loss. Sir Dene went in with Geoffry afterwards. The little dwelling seemed strangely still and solitary; and the baronet felt it as a chill.

"You had better come back to Beechhurst Dene, and be taken care of," he repeated. "Now that the poor young thing's gone, there's nobody to do anything for you here; nothing to keep you in the place. Geoff, my boy, *I* never disliked her."

"No, father, I don't think you did."

"I shall never forget that time I saw her at Malvern, toasting a pikelet at the fire. Pretty creature! standing there to face me, so sweet and modest and humble, in her white India muslin frock and the blue ribbons in her hair. I know real India muslin when I see it: nobody better. She couldn't put the toasting-fork down at first, Geoff, for timidity, but kept it in her hand. 'Twas as pretty a picture as a man ever saw."

Geoffry, who was beginning to look sadly worn and thin, made no answer. His heart was brim-full.

"Then you'll come back home, Geoff?"

"Yes, father, thank you; I think I had better. If John does not object."

"John object! John be—be shot!" exploded the baronet, pulling up the word he had been about to speak when he remembered where he had just been. "It's not John's house yet, that he should rule it. He and his wife are going posting off again, I'm glad to say: somehow things are never so pleasant when he is at home. Come to-morrow: to-night, if you will. You must never think of running away from me again, Geoff."

Geoffry smiled faintly.

"Not in the same manner that I did before, father. I'll promise you that."

"Nor in any other, I hope," was Sir Dene's quick rejoinder. "We'll nurse you into strength at the Dene."

Accordingly, on the following day in the forenoon, Geoffry Clanwaring walked up to his old home, just as though he were going to make a call, or to do an hour's work in the business parlor as usual. He carried in his arms his not yet fortnight old baby, wrapped in a red shawl. As he was about to enter the front gates, there came thundering down the avenue a close carriage-and-four, the post-boys spurring their horses to make the exit in proper style, after the fashion of the day. The carriage bore the arms of John Clanwaring, the heir: he sat in it with his wife; an attendant man and maid in the rumble behind. Geoffry stood aside to let it pass. No one saw him but the valet, who touched his hat—and wondered no doubt what Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring had got in the red bundle. They were commencing their journey to London. Mrs. Clanwaring, he saw, had no mourning on.

"And yet Maria was every bit as good as she; ay, and better," thought Geoffry: and as he went on up the avenue, he could not see the ground for his blinding tears.

Not tears for the lack of black on Mrs. Clanwaring. No. But this coming home with the little helpless burthen, brought all too painfully to his mind what he had lost.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Sir Dene, as Geoffry sat down in the library, and undid the shawl. "Why—that's your baby, Geoffry."

"Yes, father. I couldn't leave him behind."

"Bless the child! I declare I forgot all about him. Well, the women shall take care of him. There's plenty of them to do it. What's his name?"

"His name's Tom," replied Geoffry. "She was anxious about it before she died, and I had it done. The child drooped and ailed that day, just as though it knew its mother was leaving it. It seems all right now."

"Your mean Thomas, I suppose."

"No; Tom. The mistake was mine. I was confused with grief and said 'Tom' twice over to the parson, never recollecting that it should have been Thomas. It will not matter, father: Tom is as good a name for him as any other."

"No, it won't matter," replied Sir Dene. "What does he live upon, Geoff? Sop?"

"He lives upon barley water and milk," said Geoffry. "He won't cost much. Susan Cole is bringing some up: she can show the maids here now to feed him."

The child, who had slept through this, awoke now, opening his eyes. Sir Dene advanced to look at him—such a little face it was peeping out of the shawl. Geoffry took off the cambric cap, and showed his bits of fair hair.

"He has got just the look that you had at his age, Geoffry. I remember it well. The first of you born, John, had a black head like his mother; you were fair, like me. It's a pretty baby: it will be just like you."

"So poor Maria said. Like me and like you, she thought."

"Ay: at your age I was much what you are, Geoffry. Poor little motherless lambkin!" added Sir Dene pityingly, as he stroked the baby's face.

"Soon to be fatherless also," spoke Geoffry.

"No, no, my boy; I trust not," said Sir Dene.

But Geoffry shook his head: he knew better.

"Father, you'll give him a bite and a sup here when I am gone, a pillow in some odd corner, won't you?"—and the words seemed to come from the very depths of an aching heart. "He'll be in nobody's way, poor little waif."

"I will, Geoff," heartily answered Sir Dene, his eyes dimmed by some earnest tears, that rose and were checked. "I promise it you. The child shall be as welcome to his bit and his sup as you were. There's my hand upon it."

People rarely give themselves more trouble than they can help. None of the maids showed themselves too ready to undertake the (at best) onerous charge of an infant, as proposed by Sir Dene: and when Susan Cole arrived with the barley water and milk for its food, and sundry of its clothes, tied up in a large silk handkerchief, the servants, who did pretty much as they liked, told her she had better remain for a day or two, and see to the child. The day or two grew into a month or two, and that into a period indefinite, Susan Cole taking the entire charge; and Sir Dene falling in with the arrangement as if it was a matter of course, without a word either way. He was very fond of the child, would often nurse and toss him: and when he saw its baby sleeves tied up with black ribbons and a black sash round its waist, that Susan Cole put on the day poor Geoffry died—for Geoffry's feeling that he was not long for this world was but too true—Sir Dene held the little face to his own for some minutes, as if that black made a fonder link between them.

So the orphan grew, and thrived, and got its teeth, and learnt to walk and talk, just as other healthy and happy children do: and Sir Dene loved the boy; and Susan Cole was proud of him; and Gander admired him more than he had admired anything since poor Geoffry himself was young; and the other servants alternately indulged and snubbed him. With it all—in spite of his being Sir Dene's grandson and that he had his home at Beechhurst Dene—he was not altogether considered by the servants as a child of the house; he did not get the deference that a son of, for instance, John Clanwaring would have received.

The boy, as he got older and stronger, incurred the danger of being allowed to run wild. Sir Dene had about as much notion of the proper way of bringing up a child as he had of a young tiger; and nobody else interfered to suggest. There was no day nursery. As long as the child was in arms Susan Cole sat where she pleased with him—mostly in the kitchen or servants' hall; when he could run he roamed where he would about the house at will. Sir Dene would pick him up and talk to him, and put him by his side at table, and call for a plate and spoon for "the child." If Tom ran out to see Sir Dene mount his horse, Sir Dene would lift him on to the saddle, bare-headed and bare-armed, and ride off with him, perhaps for miles, in the summer weather. When not with Sir Dene he would be left very much to his own devices, for Susan Cole was a frightful gossip, and regarded social intercourse with anybody who would talk to her, as the sweetest thing in life. There were times also when Sir Dene was away from Beechhurst, and during these seasons Tom got very little attention at all. Gander, who was regarded by Sir Dene as head of the servants, and in a degree ruled them, would be with his master, and at home it would be high life below stairs. To save trouble, little Tom's plate and fork would be set at the kitchen table: he would be looked for and brought in to meals; and that was about all the care. He was one of those quiet, happy children who amuse themselves: would sit for hours on the library floor, looking at a picture-book, or in some remote room amidst the animals out of his Noah's ark. The servants knew the child was safe, and that sufficed. Cole the farrier had a journeyman; he was Susan's sweetheart—consequently she passed a great deal more time in her father's forge than in looking after Tom. In fact, save for the odd moments of tenderness bestowed upon him by Sir Dene, the little child was very much what his poor father had called him the day he brought him up in the red shawl—a waif. He was a wonderfully pretty and engaging child, with the sweet temper and gentle manners of his mother, and the kindly blue eyes and fair curls of his father. A child to be loved and cherished: a child that with proper training would make a good and noble man: a child to whom God had been generous, in implanting in his heart a full portion of most excellent seed.

Sir Dene was often away. He had taken permanent rooms in London, and could go there at will. John Clanwaring never came down now to Beechhurst Dene. His wife's health had been very delicate since the birth of her child, a girl; John said she was not strong enough to move about, and therefore *he* did not. At any rate, it was a good excuse for his remaining in the place he liked best and never cared to be out of—London. Perhaps this took Sir Dene there. John was not his favorite son—*he* was gone—but John was better than none: and the baronet found it very lonely at Beechhurst Dene. So, he and Gander away for weeks together, the servants took their own ease and Tom his own way. No wonder the neglected child grew fond of going to Mrs. Owen's: once or twice he had run off thither alone. He also went to Squire Arde's.

No longer the old Squire; the little man who was so odd and quaint; but a new one. Changes were everywhere. The strange little old man was dead, and George Arde reigned at the Hall and was called Squire in his turn. The will he left was nearly as odd as he had been; so at least, thought the public. It was certainly unexpected. A notion—gathered from observation of the old Squire's character, and perhaps from occasional words let fall by him during his later life—had become fixed in men's minds; that he would never leave a shilling of his money to any relative; but all of it to charities, and especially to those charities connected with the insane. "Droitwich 'll be the better for his savings," quoth the neighbors to one another—alluding to the well-known asylum at that place—when the news went forth that Squire Arde was dead. "He'll direct the Hall and all its belongings, inside and out, to be sold; and Droitwich mad-house 'll get the whole on't."

The neighbors were mistaken. Squire Arde's will did not give a shilling to any charity; Droitwich asylum (or, as it was universally put then "mad-house") was not as much mentioned in it. The Hall, with all that pertained to it and the income attaching to it, was left to George Arde, to his own intense surprise.

George Arde's wife was not then dead. In her very delicate state she had lived on much longer than any one could have supposed, fluttering always, as may be said, between life and death. Now and then the old Squire would call when he was at Worcester, and see the child, little Mary, to whom he seemed to have taken a fancy. Necklaces, and trifles of that description that had belonged to his own dead child, the other Mary, he would bring it. "I should not be much surprised at his leaving her a thousand pounds," said George Arde one day to his wife when the Squire had been, and brought a new coral with silver bells.

Not one thousand did he leave the child, but twenty. The will bequeathed a certain sum of money to "Mary, daughter of my third cousin, George Arde." Which sum, already out at safe and good interest, would represent twenty thousand pounds on the day Mary Arde should be eighteen; and it was to be hers then unconditionally. So little Mary, grand-daughter of the late unfortunate Robert Owen, and cousin of young Tom Clanwaring, turned out to be an heiress.

Before George Arde took up his abode at the Hall, his wife died. She had been in so weak a state, and it had become so evident that her death was near, that the trouble of removing was spared her. She died in the small house where they had lived, and was buried in the same mouldy old church that had witnessed poor Maria Owen's stolen marriage—St. Peter's. George Arde and his little daughter went to the Hall then.

This removal occurred when Tom was about a year old. Two years have already gone by since. The boy was fond of going to the Hall. Susan Cole enjoyed the society of the servants; Tom that of the little girl. George Arde welcomed the lad freely, whenever he was at home; but he had taken to visit about a good deal. Rumors of his second marriage were abroad; George Arde, owner of Arde Hall and Squire of the parish, young still and an agreeable man, was no undesirable match, and was courted in the county accordingly.

Would the little girl, the heiress, live to come into her wealth? The question was arising. Symptoms of delicacy (she was her mother's child all over) were beginning to manifest themselves, and it was feared she might *not*. George Arde was intensely fond of her; and perhaps the first thing that put second marriage into his head was the wish to have some kind and gentle lady in his house who would watch over the child carefully, and stand to it in the light of a mother. Once having made up his mind to this, Mr. Arde was not long about it. He chose his second wife from one of the first and proudest families in the county. It was rather singular that the day of the marriage was little Tom's birth-day; he was three years old.

On that self-same night occurred an incident which must be mentioned. Robert Owen appeared again. The miserable rumors—that his spirit came back to trouble the earth—had never died away. From whatever source arising, whether delusion, superstitious fancy, or actual (if unaccountable) fact, they but gained ground and spread. No sooner had one report of the appearance had time to subside and people began to forget it, then another fright would come. Now it would be a belated laborer, going home at a tardy hour up Harebell Lane: now a carter's boy; now some traveller on his way to the Trailing Indian. On this night that we are now speaking of, two people saw it, one of whom was Black.

Black had been down to Hurst Leet on an errand. Coming home again about nine o'clock through a flood of moonlight, he burst into the Trailing Indian in a fearful state; his breath gone, the sweat pouring off him, his hair on end. More abject terror could not well be seen. Mr. Friar happened to be there—for Mrs. Black's sickly state required him to pay her an occasional visit and he would go up at any odd moment when leisure allowed him; two or three men were also drinking in the kitchen, when in burst the landlord in the extraordinary state described. That his fear had no sham in it could not be mistaken; though how it was possible for a hardened man like Black to feel afraid of any earthly or ghostly thing, Mr. Friar for one could not imagine. Mixing some brandy and water, the doctor made him drink it. Black's teeth chattered as he told what he had seen—Robert Owen standing at that part above Harebell Lane, where he was supposed to have fallen from, and gazing down at the pond. Question after question was poured into Black's ear, especially from the startled men; but he could tell no more than he had told. Coming up the lane by the pond pretty quick, he happened to turn his eyes up to the fence above the water; and there, leaning over it, was the figure of Robert Owen, his face as white as it and been when he lay dead, his beard as silvery as it was in life. Black did not stay to give a second look, but came off as fast as his shaking legs would carry him; and the strangest thing of all was, that he should sit there in his kitchen and confess to it. But fear takes pride, and reticence too, out of the most hardy man.

Before Black had at all recovered his equanimity, or had done trembling, a choice friend of his came in—Michael Geach, who had arrived that evening on one of his unexpected visits to the Trailing Indian. One might have expected ridicule of the tale at least from Geach; but on the contrary it seemed to make him rather uncomfortable.

"I never was a coward," he observed; "but it's no light thing 'ud persuade me into Harebell Lane of a night now. Hanged if I'd not rather come slap upon a body whitening in chains on the gibbet, than see Owen's ghost. Cheer up, Randy, and don't shake so; you be all blue."

"When did *you* come here?" asked Black, in no pleasant tones.

"Me! I've been here this hour, and more; a waiting for you to come in."

"Why couldn't you ha' sent word you was—Drat it altogether! *You* needn't shake."

The concluding observations were made to Black's wife. His eyes happened to fall on her as he was addressing Geach, and he left his sentence to that worthy gentleman unfinished. Poor Robert Owen might be a ghost, but he could not look like one more than Mrs. Black did. Her face was livid; her disabled hands entwined themselves one within the other in a nervous dread, that Mr. Friar rarely saw equalled. Black, forgetting his own symptoms, told her she was a fool, and drove her from the room.

Well, Randy Black was not the only one to see the ghost that night, and if the reader despises me for repeating these stories of superstition, I can plead but one apology—that I am relating only what absolutely passed, the events of this really true tale. The other one to see it was William Owen.

The flying reports, that Robert Owen's spirit could not rest, had annoyed greatly the inmates of Harebell Farm. As was only natural. Even superstitious Mary Barber, burying her private convictions in regard for the honor of the family, protested far and wide that it could not be true. None of them had seen anything to warrant it, up to this time: not even William, who was often abroad at night on his land. But not on that part of it that lay towards the Trailing Indian. The very fact that the ghost was said to haunt those fields, and especially the two-acre meadow, caused him not to put sheep there. The shepherd absolutely refused to go near the spot at night.

On this evening William Owen had gone on foot to a farm house, a mile or two beyond the Trailing Indian. Mary Barber had got a nice bit of hot supper ready for him, and when nine o'clock struck she wondered how much longer he meant to be. Soon afterwards she heard his footsteps, and opened the back door to admit him.

Could it be the moonlight that made his face look so white? He took no notice of her, but walked straight into the best kitchen; where his supper was laid.

"What's the matter now?" cried Mary Barber, following him, and gazing in surprise at his strange countenance. "Be you took sick, Mr. William?"

His face was whiter than death: he was wiping the moisture from it with a trembling hand. Mary Barber saw that no light matter was stirring him.

"What is it?" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper that seemed to partake of his own dread emotion.

"I have seen my father," was his low answer.

"No!" she exclaimed.

"Mary, as true as that you and I are here, living, I saw him. There's no mistake about it. He looked exactly as I've seen him look a hundred times in life: his old cap on, and his white beard flowing."

"Heaven be good to us!" cried Mary. "Where was this?"

"I crossed over the stile opposite the Trailing Indian, to come home straight over the fields," said William Owen. "Just past the narrow path between the grove of trees and the fence above the pond, I chanced to look back: and there, standing with his back against the trees, looking after me as it seemed, I saw my father. I stood like one turned to stone, Mary, not knowing I believe whether to go for'ard or back'ard, or where to run to; and there it stood, the two of us staring at one another. The next moment the thing was gone; vanished into air, as it seemed to me; and I came away, leaping hedges and ditches."

Mary Barber caught up her breath with a gasp; her young master bent his head on the face of the old-fashioned mantelpiece. Presently he spoke again.

"I have been thinking whether there was anything to cause me to look back; any sound, or that. It could hardly have been chance."

"Nay, 'twas no chance, Mr. William. I—wonder—what—it can want?" she slowly added.

William Owen could not say what, any more than she could. All he knew was, that he would give half of his future life not to have been subjected to the terror—to the distress—to the calamity altogether.

"You should have gone up and asked it, Mr. William."

William Owen looked at her, a strange horror in his eyes. "I'd not have done it for that tureen full of sovereigns," he said, pointing to the large soup tureen on the dresser. "Were I ever to see it again, Mary, I could not stay on the Farm."

"It's an awful thing."

"Take care that you keep it from my mother, Mary."

"As from all other folks, as well as her," was Mary Barber's answer.

However, the story got wind. At least, a suspicion of it. Added to the more public account of what had befallen Randy Black, it was enough to frighten a timid neighborhood: and people grew to have a mortal dread of Harebell Lane after the dark had fallen.

CHAPTER XVI.

VERY MUCH OF A WAIF.

"Grandma!"

Mrs. Owen, who had dropped into a doze in her easy chair, did not hear the call. The handle of the door (rather a difficult one to open) was twisted this way and that by little fingers, and the appeal came again.

"Grandma! Won't you let me in, grandma?"

"Is it my dear little Baby Tom?" cried Mrs. Owen, rising to admit the intruder.

Baby Tom it was, poor Geoffry's orphan boy. Mrs. Owen tottered back to her seat, the child in her hand. She was always weak and ill, as her most delicate and gentle face betrayed. Never strong, the calamitous death of her husband, and the subsequent death of her daughter, had been nearly fatal to her. She certainly lived on: but it was as a woman who has nearly done with this world, whose whole thoughts are in the next.

She took off the child's straw hat—a broad-brimmed hat with a bit of yellow ribbon tied round the crown. Lifting him on her knee, she pushed back the golden hair from his open forehead, and gazed into his earnest, dark blue eyes. He was little for his age; three years old on the previous day—for this was the morning following the events related in the last chapter—he might have been taken for not much more than two: but, as is sometimes the case with these small bodies, the mind was unusually advanced. But for his exceedingly retiring disposition, the shy, modest sensitiveness of his nature, with its invariably accompanying quality, reticence, he might have been that most undesirable thing—a precocious child. His gentle manners saved him from it.

As if divining somewhat of the peace of Mrs. Owen's inward life, the boy when with her was ever more gentle than at other times, strangely thoughtful, quiet, and tractable. It has been said that this story is not one of ideal fiction: and people were wont to remark to one another during this, the latter portion of Mrs. Owen's years, that her life lay in Heaven. While she was looking at those wonderful eyes—and the child really had such, they were so beautiful—he began to cry.

"Why, Tom, what is it?"

"Grandpapa rode away without me. Susan wouldn't make haste with my things, and he did not wait. When I cried she said I wanted a shaking."

"Did Susan bring you here?"

"No. I came."

Mrs. Owen need scarcely have asked the question. The child had come off without superfluous ceremony, in his brown holland pinafore and old straw hat: Susan would have dressed him first.

"Will you read me a Bible story, grandma?"

"Ay," said Mrs. Owen. "Run and fetch the book."

There were Bible stories for children in those days just as there are in these; but they did not get read so much. Mrs. Owen took care that Tom should hear them. He could just reach the little book from the side-table, and brought it to her. He was so fond of hearing one of the stories that the book opened of itself at the place—Christ forgiving the thief on the cross. His little tongue, its language imperfect as yet, was never tired of asking questions: sometimes Mrs. Owen's ingenuity was puzzled to answer.

But it was not only that she read to him: that was the least part. The story over, she would close the book, and talk to him, as on this day, in a loving, winning, gentle voice. Talk to him of Heaven and the glorious happiness of those who should attain to it: of what he must do in this world, or rather try to do, if *he* would be one of them; of patience in long-suffering; of loving kindness to others; of self-sacrifice for their benefit; of truth, and honor, and generosity: all in language suited to his years, but quite clear and forcible. She would impress upon him the great fact that God was ever near him, watching, guiding, hearing, seeing him; and she contrived so to imbue him with the belief in God's loving care, that the child trusted to it beyond any earthly thing. When a stranger, spending the day with Sir Dene, once asked the child what he most wished for (expecting he would say some choice toy—a sword, a wheelbarrow, or a live rabbit,) the answer was, that he might be good and go to Heaven. Sir Dene had and kissed him: the stranger thought what an odd little boy. On but these early lessons did him good service in after years; without them he might never have borne the indignities cast on him.

"Grandma, I'll never be naughty. Never."

Mrs. Owen knew too well what the corruptions of the human heart are and the temptations of the world: she only smiled sadly in answer.

"Was mamma ever naughty?"

"Oh yes."

"And papa?"

"Yes."

"But they went to Heaven!"

"Ay, dear. They went very near together, too. The thief on the cross had been very, very naughty: but the moment he asked Jesus to forgive him, Jesus did, you see."

"I'll ask, if ever I am naughty," said the child, after a thoughtful pause. "Grandpa Owen went too. And you'll go, grandma. And I'll go."

"But you must first grow up to be a man and do a great, great deal of work in this world, and a great deal of good," said Mrs. Owen. "God sent us here to work."

"Shall we work in Heaven?"

"I don't know. If we do, it will be pleasant work, happy work, angels' work. Yes, Tom, I think we shall."

"Have you had to do a great, great deal of work here, grandma?"

"Yes, a great deal. And I have had to bear a very great deal of sorrow: sorrow, and sickness, and heart-break. But for God's loving help, Tom, I don't think I could have got through it."

"Shall I have a great deal?"

"You will be sure to have it, sooner or later. Don't forget what I have told you, Tom—that God often sends the most to

those He loves the best. You must be very brave, in all things."

"Yes, I'll be brave," answered unconscious Tom.

The sitting was over. He jumped down and ran to find Mary Barber. Mary Barber, preserving damsons in the back kitchen, and also sadly disturbed by William Owen's communication of the previous night, was too busy to have much leisure for Tom. Spreading some of the hot jam upon a slice of bread, she told him to run into the garden and eat it.

Tom was making for the garden in all dutiful obedience—never a more implicitly obedient child than he—but William Owen's dog, Sharp, came barking up to him in play. It would go into a fit of delight at sight of the child. The dog ran, and Tom after it, neglecting his jam, until they reached the gates at Harbell Lane. Sharp bounded over the small one, and knocked down a little girl in a pink cotton bonnet and tattered frock. Tom, with inherent gallantry, ran to pull her up.

It was that child mentioned a few chapters ago, who had been born at the Trailing Indian the night of Robert Owen's disappearance. She was called Emma Geach. Before the mother was strong enough to leave the inn, Mrs. Black fell ill with rheumatic fever. The woman undertook to nurse her, and to do the work. The illness was a long one, some months in duration, and Mrs. Geach stayed on. After that she would go away and come again by fits and starts; but did not take her child. The child had never been away from the inn yet: for all that could be seen to the contrary, it seemed likely to be her permanent home. Mrs. Black liked the child, and would have kept her always. Black did not like her. He was almost savagely angry at her being left there: but gossip said, he did not dare to turn her out or insist too strongly on her removal, lest Mrs. Geach in revenge should betray some of the secret doings of the Trailing Indian.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said Tom. "I'll give you some bread-and-jam."

The child stood up at the tempting offer, and ceased roaring. Born six months before Tom, she looked at least a twelvemonth older: a tall child, with chubby red cheeks and eyes of so remarkably light a shade that they might have been called white, rather than blue. Tom tore asunder his piece of bread and jam, and gave her the largest half.

Whether Miss Geach was starved at the Trailing Indian, or that damson jam was amidst luxuries unknown to her, certain it was that she gobbled up the piece in a wonderful fashion. It disappeared before Tom had finished his first bite.

"I want some more," she said, fixing her greedy little eyes on the rest. So Tom, never hesitating, broke it again, but not so deftly as before: the soft and the jam fell to one part, the dry crust, unjammed, to the other. He handed the best to the child, and nibbled away at the dry crust.

"What's your name?" asked Tom.

"Emma. What's yours?"

"Tom. Where d' you live?"

"Up there," she answered, pointing along the lane. "I've got a whistle at home: 'all you come and see him?"

Whistles are charmingly tempting things, and Tom yielded without question. The two children ran up the lane comparing notes. Tom's Noah's ark and picture book, and a whip with a green handle; against Miss Geach's whistle. The dog, sharing the crust with Tom, leaped beside them. Randy Black met them close to the inn.

"Hallos!—who have ye got here, you little wretch?" cried he to the girl. And she, who seemed to have plenty of assurance for her years (or, as the inmates of the Trailing Indian were wont to put it, "stock") answered, boldly, without sign of fear.

"I'm going to show him my whistle."

Black had spoken before he well gave a look to the boy; immediately he knew him for the little gandson of Sir Dene Clanwaring, and of the dead master of Harebell Farm. He had seen him abroad often enough since his babyhood, with Susan Cole or Sir Dene.

"This here baint no place for little gentlefolk, master; you'd best run home again. As to you, you young pig," he added, to the girl, "if you bring stray children here again, I'll souse your ears in the horse-trough."

"Mayn't I see the whistle?" asked Tom, who had not understood a word in ten.

"Wait, will yer," cried independent Miss Emma to Tom. "I'll bring him out."

Black did not interfere to prevent it. He was gazing down at the boy, and whistling softly.

"You're the very out o' your father," said he. "Same eyes, same hair, same face. He'd ha' made a second Sir Dene in looks: so'll you. Not bad ones, them eyes o' yourn."

All the little boy's answer to this was to look up at the man with these self-same eyes. Even Black, the hardened, could but note, you see, their kindly nature, so full of sweetness.

"What's your name?" he went on, less roughly than he was given to speak.

"Tom."

"Baint it Dene? Nor Geoffry?"

"It's Tom," repeated the boy.

"Where's your hat?"

"I left it at grandma's."

The hostler appeared in the yard, and called out some question to his master about corn. As Black went away to give the answer, Emma ran out with the whistle, whistling shrilly with all her might. Black bade her "hush her noise," and gave her a box on the ears, which sent her staggering and threw down the whistle. Perhaps she was used to be boxed, for she did not cry or complain; only waited till he was a few paces from her, and then picked up the whistle. A rough, wooden toy with streaks of paint across it, that Mrs. Black had bought of a man at the door for a halfpenny.

Had it been of ivory, mounted in gold, it could not have seemed more precious to little Tom. He whistled, and she whistled, the two taking it by turns: long discordant shrieks enough to frighten the cows, grazing over the way in William Owen's field. Mrs. Black came to the door to see what the cause of the noise might be. A poor, pale woman, more shrunken and meek than ever since her long bout of rheumatic fever—which had left her fingers contracted. Young though the girl was, she was already of use in the house: and perhaps that was one of the reasons why Black did not insist upon her removal. Mrs. Black could not have done the entire work now, and a child was a safer inmate than an older woman might be.

"Emma, what boy's that?" demanded Mrs. Black—just as Black had done.

The whistle was too absorbing for Emma to answer immediately. At about the fifth repetition of the question she turned round.

"His name's Tom."

Mrs. Black came slowly out. Her feet were affected as well as her fingers; in short, she was now not much better than a cripple. She had begun to talk to the children pleasantly enough when Black came back and sent the group flying: Mrs. Black and the girl in-doors; Tom off down the lane.

"And don't you get fond o' prowling up this way, youngster; or may be the kidnappers 'll lay hold on ye," was his parting injunction to Tom. "There's lots on 'em at this here house sometimes."

Tom ran along the lane with all the speed of his little legs. He was constitutionally brave; and by the time he turned the corner, the kidnappers were forgotten. On either side the lane blackberries grew in abundance, and Tom helped himself at will; scratching his hands, and staining his face and pinafore crimson. What with the marks left by the jam and the running juice of the blackberries, Tom might have had his portrait taken as something to be stared at. In this condition he was pounced upon by Susan Cole.

Susan at once administered a couple of shakings. The one for going off on the loose; it was her own expression; the other for the crimson state he had put himself into. Tom, full of contrition, looked down at his hands and pinafore; and then offered Susan some choice berries squeezed up in his fingers. Susan, instead of accepting the treat with gratitude, flung up his hand and sent the blackberries flying.

"You audacious, naughty child! Where's your hat?"

"It's on the table at grandma's."

Pulling him along by the hand to the Farm, Susan Cole dashed into the back kitchen, where Joan happened to be washing, and lathered his face and hands well with soapsuds. Then she got his hat and took him off again.

"Now look you here, Master Tom," she said, as they crossed the lane and entered the back gates, "if you take to go off by yourself, nobody knows where, a frightening me into fiddlestrings and getting yourself into this shocking pickle, I'll run away and leave you. I won't stay at the Dene no longer to serve an ungrateful little boy."

Tom was very quiet during the afternoon, playing with Noah's ark and the animals, and giving no trouble to anybody. The servants were busy that day, for company was coming to the Dene. Lady Lydia Clanwaring, the wife of Captain Clanwaring, Sir Dene's youngest son, had just landed from India, with her three children, and her arrival at the Dene might happen at any hour: to-day, to-morrow, the next day. Sir Dene expected her to make a long visit, and looked forward with pleasure to an event that would break the monotony of his home.

Sir Dene reached home for dinner: kept it waiting in fact. Tom's quick ears, on the alert for the sound, heard the horses' hoofs, ran out, and met them halfway down the avenue. The groom behind dismounted; lifted the child up in front of his master; and Tom was conveyed back in triumph.

"Master Tom will dine with me," said Sir Dene to Gander, as he led him indoors.

So the child sat beside the baronet; chattering, however, more than eating, for he had just had his tea. No longer the young vagabond all blackberry stains, scouring the lanes at will, bare-headed and bare-armed: but a beautiful little prince in crimson velvet, with a falling plaited frill of snow-white cambric on his neck, and his bright curls hanging down in a shower of gold. Susan Cole took care to dress him always towards evening, in case Sir Dene should ask for him.

"Emma's got a whistle, grandpa," said Tom, when they were left alone at dessert.

"A whistle, has she," replied the baronet, not in the least knowing, or caring, whom "Emma" might be.

"A nice big whistle all green and blue, grandpa. I wish I had one."

"Tell Susan to go to Harst Leet to-morrow and buy you one," was the answer of Sir Dene.

"I'm afraid she won't. She's angry with me."

"Oh, indeed! Have you been a naughty boy?"

"Yes. I made my hands and face dirty with the blackberries, and spoilt my pinafore."

Sir Dene laughed: a very venial offence this. "There's another walnut for you, Tom. Peel it well, you rascal."

Tom eat away at his walnut, peeling it first. "Some more water, please, grandpa."

Sir Dene poured out some water.

"Mary Barber gave me some bread and jam, grandpa. Sharp knocked Emma down, and I—"

A commotion outside stopped the history. A chaise-and-four (the sound was easily distinguished from that of a chaise-and-pair) had clattered up to the front entrance. Dogs barked; servants ran; Gander rushed into the dining-room.

"Sir Dene," said he, "I'll lay anything as it's my Lady Lydia come." And Sir Dene went into the hall.

It was Lady Lydia Clanwaring. A tall, meagre woman, two or three years past thirty, with a pale, discontented face, sharp features, keen, restless black eyes, and thin compressed lips. Her children followed her, black-eyed and black-haired; the eldest, a girl, seven years old, two boys, six and five. As if fatigued with the journey—they had posted up from Portsmouth—Lady Lydia sunk on a chair as soon as she entered the dining-room. The children ran to the table, and stood eyeing eagerly the good things on it.

"They'd like some dessert, Gander," spoke Sir Dene. "Bring plates."

Hats and bonnets were thrown on the floor. The children dragged chairs to the table, and seated themselves without further ceremony. Tom, who had shyly retreated to the background at the large influx, remained unseen.

"Take care that everything is brought in, Dovet," screamed out Lady Lydia to her maid, in the same hard, shrill voice that had used rather to grate on Sir Dene's ears in India—for he liked that most excellent thing, a sweet voice in woman, "We must have had twenty small packages at least, inside, of one sort or another."

When the bustle had somewhat subsided, Sir Dene inquired after his son, who remained in India.

"Captain Clanwaring was very well when we left him, but as cross as a bear," replied Lady Lydia. It was a peculiarity of hers that she always called her husband "Captain Clanwaring." "It is a wearing life out there: and last season was a frightfully hot one. No, Jarvis, you can't have more wine; you are going to have supper. Good gracious, Louisa, don't crack that walnut with your teeth! Jarvis, crack it for your sister."

"Crack it for her, Otto," said Master Jarvis imperiously, to his brother. And the younger one cracked the walnut.

"Captain Clanwaring says there's no chance of his getting leave. None. Just now—"

The words died away on Lady Lydia's tongue. She had turned from her children to face Sir Dene again; and stopped in utter astonishment. A beautiful child, habited in crimson velvet, with blue eyes and golden hair, was leaning familiarly against Sir Dene, had stolen his little hand within his. What child could it be?

"Who is that?" demanded Lady Lydia.

"It is my little grandson," said Sir Dene.

Little grandson! That John Clanwaring, the heir, had an infant son in long clothes, Lady Lydia knew. There could be no other grandson.

"*What* grandson? Who is he, Sir Dene?"

Sir Dene answered by taking the child on his knee. "Tell the lady what your name is, and who you are."

"It's Tom," said the child.

"What else?" continued Sir Dene.

"Tom Clanwaring."

"Well—now tell me who you are?"

"I'm grandpapa's little boy."

Sir Dene, pleased with the words, kissed him fondly. Lady Lydia knitted her brow and sent forth some keen glances from her black and restless eyes.

"He is the son of my dear boy, Geoffry, who's dead and gone, Lady Lydia. Poor Geoff left him to me as a legacy."

It took Lady Lydia a minute or two to digest the words—and she did not fully comprehend, even then. That Geoffry Clanwaring had made some low marriage before his death, and so brought disgrace on himself and the Clanwaring family, she knew. John, the heir, had sent out a version of the calamity to India: Captain Clanwaring had been quite as indignant as John, and at once wrote back his opinion of matters to Sir Dene. But, to see this fair, aristocratic child, aristocratic in dress as in looks, sitting on Sir Dene's knee, fondled by him, and evidently at home at Beechhurst Dene, was something so entirely opposite to the ideas Lady Lydia had formed upon the affair, that she did not quite at once recover her equanimity.

"Does he—live here?" she asked in condemning amazement.

"Oh dear yes. He has no other home."

"Where's his mother, pray?"

"Tell where," said Sir Dene, to the intelligent, listening boy.

"Mamma's dead," said Tom. "She and papa went to Heaven."

"Ay. They went within three months of each other; the same grave, hardly closed, received them both, Lady Lydia."

And to her ladyship's infinite astonishment, she saw that Sir Dene's eyes, bent on the little boy's head as he spoke, had filled with tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANNABEL GREY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Though I did not know it then, I think we barely understood each other. They did not intend to treat me unkindly, yet they were not at all liked by me. I was given long tasks; I only tore my books and mumbled my lessons. They would touch me music; there was no answering chord touched in my soul. Dancing would not make me graceful. What wonder that they were discouraged, and called me an odd little thing, and wondered if I would ever make anything.

"Cousin Albert is coming to-day, so try to do as well as you can, Ann, lest he think we have taken under our charge a veritable little savage, without doing our best to civilize it."

"Cousin Albert, indeed! What do I care for him?" thought I, as half an hour later I ran over the field to a dell and grove, favorite haunts of mine. I laughed merrily, I could laugh here, in the spirit, too. "Were I a fine lady, and handsome like Julia, I might care probably."

I lingered hour after hour gathering soft mosses, and taking up the roots of violets and wild lilies. Dinner was past, I know, for I was very hungry. I had prepared myself for that, however, by dropping a cake in my basket. "Cousin Albert is coming" had as good as proclaimed a holiday for me, and I determined to appropriate the day to my pleasure. I was not a parlor ornament, that was implied in the hint on my appearance, so I had taken my basket and slipped out unobserved. How joyously my hands would toss above my head! Here I could sing with the happy birds, and with something of a soul. But here I am, wading in the little rill, without shoes or stockings, paddling in the water and attempting to catch the tiny fish in my hands.

I must have been absorbed, for I heard no footsteps, yet there they stood, Julia scarlet with shame, an impatient exclamation about to proceed from her lips. It was prevented by the intervention of a hand; that hand I was sure appertained to "Cousin Albert."

I had heard his name repeated until it had become almost a household word, and now I felt a curiosity which I had never before experienced. I wished to see what he was like; therefore I did what I should never have dared do in Mr. Ball's parlor, I scanned him closely. Well, he was handsome, and therefore my aversion. I did not like handsome people. I found between them and myself a contrast too great to be pleasurable. I looked at my feet; my ears tingled with shame. But I was not to be looked out of countenance in this way, so I bent again, under pretence of catching fish, really to hide tears of vexation.

Julia's lips were no longer imprisoned. "You can see, cousin, this is the wild little creature we have been so vainly endeavoring to tame. Ann—Annabel Grey, you must go back with us immediately; we came in search of you."

I must go, but how was I to get from the brook? I hardly dare take my feet from the water. I snatched my shoes from the edge of the stream and darted behind a tree. Looking back I saw "Cousin Albert" convulsed with laughter, and Julia overwhelmed with shame. I was soon ready, but yet indignant. I would not return with them, but hastening on, I reached home and was outwardly metamorphosed ere the languid Julia and her companion arrived.

That evening Albert Lander found occasion to remark to Mr. and Mrs. Ball upon the interesting position in which they had found me, while his dark eyes were riveted on my face. They then related, partly in extenuation of my faults, I conclude, the errors of my education. My mother died when I was but two years old, they said; I had ever since been petted by my father; spoiled in fact. I was allowed the whole range of wood and mead as a resort when I pleased—and to conduct myself in the presence of his visitors as shyly and odd as I would. He had died, dear man, a year ago, leaving me to their care, and his affairs in a disordered condition. Whether they would be able to eradicate the effects of early pernicious habits, or secure to me any of my father's estate, was becoming to them every day a matter of greater doubt.

I had never before heard my father criticised. I was much grieved; it also made fresh my great loss. I saw him again pale with approaching death. I felt the pressure of his cold hand, and his dying words breathed faintly in my ear—"I can trust you, my child. Be true to yourself, Ann, and to God!" and with a burst of tears I left the room.

Mr. Lander had thought me a strange child, I think, and his observations had been made a probe. The next day he made every attempt to conciliate me. But I received his kindness with repulse. I could not forgive him the conversation his last night's remarks had called forth; besides I felt that he was nothing to me.

I had a month's school vacation—and greatly to my chagrin, it occurred during Mr. Lander's visit. For my improvement, I was expected to pass a portion of each day in the company of Julia, Mr. Lander, and such visitors as happened to call. One day I had been summoned to their presence—when Julia was soon after called away. Here I was left *tete-a-tete* with this dreaded hero. I sat quietly enough weaving a bright day dream, in which figured one who was never to speak to me harshly, or look on me unkindly. I was at the height of ideal happiness, when an unpleasant conviction passed itself between me and my vision. It was this, that I was in no way loveable. Then I recognized that it was a flower in the carpet upon which I had been so long gazing. Soon I felt that there were a pair of dark eyes fixed on my face; and before I had thought to control my own, my lids raised and I was looking straight into the said eyes that were regarding me much as a naturalist would examine some odd specimen.

"You are fourteen, Annabel Grey?"

There was a look in his face I did not like, and I almost made up my mind to return no answer. After hesitating, however, I assented.

"You are nearly fifteen," he added. "But your appearance does not indicate that age. Many a girl half as old would appear easier and more womanly. You are remarkably plain, too," he added.

I arose, red with anger, and hurried to the door. He intercepted me, and I sat down, giving way to a rush of wild weeping. When I had grown quiet he asked me to forgive him what he had said. He had hoped to find me too sensible to care for personal beauty.

And I replied that I did care for beauty, and that I was sensible. That people who were uncommonly plain were never loved, but must bear slights and even insults all the years that it was their misfortune to live. Then he gravely but very kindly set about doing away with my error, as he called it—the error common with young girls. He said that many plain people were loved more truly and steadfastly than those who were *only* handsome; but," he added, "You are some day to be beautiful. I see it dawning now; and let me warn you, it is a dangerous dower."

Then he told me that I should rely on whatever strength I possessed, and should not for a moment harbor the thought that others looked upon me with dislike or contempt. I understood the language of reason and was not averse to friendly advice—and after this I promised, with little reluctance, to be less shy of him. And I learned to look on Albert Lander as an earnest friend. Julia soon caught his manner of consideration and respect, it was communicated to the household. I was quite a new character, and fell back on my own strength as erst in childhood, when I had one to love me.

"School begins again to-morrow," thought I as I sauntered down the path to the garden seat. I did not think to find Mr. Lander there, but there he was. He asked me to sit down, he had something to tell me.

"Well, sir."

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Ann. Will you regret my going?"

I had asked myself that question before that day, and had been unable to decide. I thought it over now; I had learned to value his society, but then I was going to school, and my leisure I longed to occupy in some of my rambles at will again. Mr. Lander's stay would be an obstacle, I did not think of all his kindness just then, and I pronounced an ungracious "I think not, sir."

"I think not, sir," he repeated. "You are ungenerous, Ann. I had flattered myself you would miss me. But who can read the heart. We have been very good friends, and I have something else to tell you before I go away."

I waited to hear what he had to say. It came at last.

"I am going to be married! It is not to take place soon, but when you have grown older and wiser, and will know how to appreciate my choice. You do not ask me who it is, but it will interest you to know. You must guess."

"Julia Ball?" I inquired, and then I thought, "no, she is engaged. Now I have it," thought I, "Miss Jane Thompson, the heiress;" for I just remembered certain hints to that effect thrown out by her sister Mary.

"Guess again, Pussy."

I shook my head.

"You are a little simpleton," he said with a roguish eye, "or you would have divined ere this—I am going to marry you, Miss Annabel Grey."

"He is teasing me to get me angry," I thought, so I arose, and making a very grave courtesy said, "thank you, sir."

"Nay, Ann, you are not taking me in earnest, but I never was more serious. You are soon to be established in a superior school; meanwhile I shall travel. At the end of three years I shall return a very hero in your eyes," he said, laughing, "and then you will marry me, eh, Ann?"

"Never," I answered, as soon as astonishment would let me speak. I was then going on to give my reasons for refusal, when he interrupted me with "Bless me, child, who will ever marry such an ugly little thing if I don't?" And then I answered, moving away, "I will never marry you, Mr. Lander. I will never speak to you again." And then I heard the tones of a singularly sweet voice saying, "in just three years we will be married, Miss Annabel Grey."

The incidents of the evening I thought over in my chamber that night. That Mr. Lander was quite serious in what he said I could not doubt. But why he should have selected a little girl, poor, plain and unamiable, bewildered me for days after. I could not get my lessons for thinking it over, and the beauties of fields and grove were all lost on me, through the endeavor to solve the problem. It was an era in my life, and when once established in school, I fixed my aim high and endeavored to reach it. Some time after the departure of Mr. Lander, I received a letter from him, in which he begged forgiveness for any seeming insult he had offered me. I was not just like other girls, and if he had told me then that he loved me, I would not have believed it, or have inquired of myself if I loved him. Now he thought I knew myself better, and would listen when he told me that he loved me very dearly. He thought he could never find another like me, and at the time appointed he should return to claim his bride.

If for three years I toiled hard to make myself worthy of one I loved it seems to me but natural, for I was quite alone in the world. And when at their expiration I had gone back to Mr. Ball's to await the arrival of Albert Lander, I found that I was no longer an odd little thing, yet was I in trouble lest I should disappoint one who had mingled with the beautiful, the refined and the wise.

I was standing in the garden one evening, pulling the leaves from a rose and thinking how hopeless I should be if this one star should be lost to me, when an arm encircled me, and a voice whispered, "I am going to marry you, Annabel Grey."

Well, we were married, "Cousin Albert" and I, and the world no longer seems a great blank, now that I have one to love, and to love me.

German Self-Control.

An American surgeon, who has spent a half-year in the Prussian military hospital service, writes to the Nation a very interesting letter, in which he gives some "reflections upon the character of the German people. It is well known that in all American and English hospitals the use of alcohol in any form is hedged about with the strictest precautions, and yet in spite of these is constantly abused. Not only are alcoholic liquors, when required, prescribed with the utmost caution, but the surgeon must be constantly on his guard against their clandestine use. But in the hospitals of Germany, during the war, beer or wine was supplied by the government to every patient as part of his daily diet; the Soldiers' Aid Society considered it one of its most important tasks to provide extra quantities for such as were thought to need them; and not only wine and beer, but brandy, whiskey and rum were easily within the reach of every patient. And yet, says this surgeon, "in nearly six months, among seven hundred men, although my knowledge of and daily contact with them was such that an excess of the sort could hardly have escaped my notice, I met with only four cases of drunkenness (one of them scarcely deserving the name) and I cannot now remember to have encountered a man who would be called a confirmed sot."

In our own hospitals, card-playing was strictly prohibited, because it was found to lead to gambling; but in the German hospitals it was rather encouraged, and the men gambled with impunity, their stakes being "pfennige," a coin worth about one-third of a cent, and we are told that "a loss or gain which amounted, in the course of an evening, to two groschen (five cents) would have been considered colossal."

Now, why is it that the Prussian soldier could venture freely and safely upon ground which is admitted to be fraught with danger for us? Whence has he his temperance and moderation?

Some say it is education—meaning simply school learning—but Germany is not in advance of many parts of the United States in this respect. Is it not in Education in the *larger* sense of the word, which comprises the education of the mind and heart, at home as well as at school. The teaching of reverence, of moderation, of proper self-control to our children and young men and women? Herein, we think, will be found the root of the difference. Too much stress is laid in this country upon mere book learning—too little upon the formation of a noble character, and habits of industry, economy, self-help and self-control. Even every member of the royal family of Prussia, we see it stated, has to learn a trade—the present king having devoted three years to the case as a printer.

Vinnie Ream.

Hiram Powers, the eminent American sculptor, whose "Greek Slave" has been so much admired, writes as follows from his studio at Rome, to the New York *Evening Post*:—

"I suppose that you, as well as all other well-wishers for art in our country, have been mortified, if not really disgusted, at the success of the Vinnie Ream statue of our glorious old Lincoln. An additional five thousand dollars paid for this caricature! Clark Mills was bad enough, but this last act of Congress in favor of a female lobby member, who has no more talent for art than the carver of weeping-willows on tombstones, really fills the mind of the genuine student of art (who think that years of profound study of art as a science is necessary) with despair. For why should we study and waste years of our lives in order to do well, while only the favor comes to—not ourselves, but may to our memories long after we are dead, and all the profit to mountebanks?"

☞ A Buffalo paper prints the following letter from one of its old and prompt paying patrons:—"Please discontinue my paper from the time I have paid up to. I do not stop the paper because I do not want it, but to get rid of an intolerable old bore that intrudes himself in my house, regardless of time or circumstances, to sit for an hour or two, three or four times a week, to read my papers, and who is a thousand times more able to take a dozen papers for himself than I am to take one. If the nuisance is stopped, I shall send for the paper again."

☞ If any one speak evil of you—conduct your life in such a manner that none will believe him.

☞ Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard contains nine hundred and ninety-seven words, of which eight hundred and three are derived from the Anglo-Saxon.

☞ Philadelphia is called the "city of homes."

CALLING NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Calling names" is the last resort of fools—that is, calling unkind names. When the adversary of one who is too weak-witted to sustain his theory by argument, has vanquished, unhorsed, and disarmed him, he always has this pointless shaft hidden amid the venom of his tongue, ready to hurl at random. The wise man, when his argument is spent, says nothing more: not so the person of shallow mind; when driven to the wall, he turns, like a beast at bay, and tries to make his puny ridicule do duty in place of the giant Reason.

But calling names is not only a weakness, it is a vice, and a far greater one than most people are aware of. It is true, like the ancient personage of the "English Moral Drama," this Vice is, also, usually a grotesque individual, and like him wears the inevitable ass's ears; true, moreover, that his dagger is made of wood, and just as pointless as the sword in the play; but, alas! instead of belaboring the devil, who sustains himself under the infliction, with the certainty that he will carry his tormentor off finally, it is, too frequently, the case, that this vice bestrides the individual to whom revenge is impossible, inasmuch as he cannot stoop to "sling mud," as the phrase goes, in return.

Calling names is a vice, because, in the first place, it is unkind, impolite and vulgar; in the second place, because it entails falsehood, slander and treachery; and in the third place, because it ferments debates into quarrels; and sometimes goes even farther, when the quarrel becomes a fight, and the fight murder. It engenders bitterness, discord and malice, and befouls with its uncleanness both the subject and the object of the action. Thus it is a hydra vice, doing evil in a thousand different and unheard-of ways, for it is not every one who, when a man calls him a *fool*, is philosopher enough to spy the ass's ears and smile at the wooden weapon in his hand.

This vice knows no nationality, age or sex. In all lands he flourishes, and is succored by all, from the lisping babe to the octogenarian of both sexes. But, like the vegetable parasite, which has its choice in plants, this moral parasite seems to fix itself more frequently upon certain classes than others.

The politician, for instance, and the conductor of the newspaper, especially the political organ; we all know how difficult it is for this species to become divested of this disfiguring fungus: for who can read the senate reports or the editorials of a great majority of the newspapers without gathering, along with the graceful branches, the parasite also.

And the boys of our streets hurl their ugly names at each other, like pitching tar; while the little girls, playing in the shady back yards, have their more polite method—like casting sand, let us say. Later in life the difference is kept up in our shops and parlors.

As before remarked, this vice not only befouls the aggressor, but the perhaps innocent object of his wrath is also lowered in his own self-esteem by it, sometimes even so much as actually to become that which was charged against him falsely at first. The children who have been utterly ruined by silly parents and guardians who call names are legion, and they will rise up in the judgment day "a cloud of witnesses" to overwhelm them with their pathetic plea, "You made me what I am."

But between husband and wife the habit is even more unutterably horrible, especially when the husband and *protector* stoops to cast unkind names at her who was once "angel," or "darling," or something of like nature. The lover calls the maiden "angel," and lo! nine times out of ten she is one. The husband calls the wife "vixen," and behold! in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has a shrew for his wife. Why, if he must call names, could he not continue his first treatment? Methinks the result was far more satisfactory than in the latter case.

Those who call names invariably wrong the object to which they apply them, for in the heat of passion they are sure to magnify the fault that suggested the epithet, and even when the name seems to be most appropriate to the object of it, it is often unjust, for the reason that the very bad quality that suggested it may have been acquired through the fault of him who calls the name. A case just in point: Men say "Women are *such Jews*," because they, as a rule, try to drive a close bargain when they trade; yet the gentlemen forget who furnishes the limited purse which is compelled to do duty for unlimited needs. "A Jew!" Thank God, the Israelite is not disgraced by the comparison, for woman is a Jew only from necessity.

But, worst of all, this vice is cowardly, because it is not generally a punishable offence. If a man cast mire upon his neighbor, he may be arrested for assault; but he may call him a fool, a liar and a thief with impunity, and should his neighbor turn upon him and give him a caning, as he richly deserves, he can have him fined for "*breaking the peace.*"

Oh ye who call names! let me in turn give a title to you. Ye are a set of brainless poltroons. MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

A Murderer Allowed Twenty Days to Settle His Affairs.

A gentleman of Jonesburg, Missouri, recently returned from Texas, relates an extraordinary occurrence which took place a short time since in the Indian nation. A Choctaw Indian, having committed a willful murder, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot to death. He asked for twenty days in which to prepare and visit his friends, giving his word of honor as a "brave" to return at the appointed time, and was allowed to go forth without a guard or bail.

At the expiration of the twenty days, according to appointment, the Indian, true to his word, at the very hour and minute, galloped up to the place where the sentence was to be carried out, in company with three of his sisters and three brothers, all appearing as cheerful as though they had come to a dance or a frolic. The coffin was then brought on the ground, but some one remarked that it was too small, upon which one of the doomed Indian's brothers told him to lie down in it and measure, which he cheerfully did, and laughingly said, "It fits all right."

The crowd meanwhile appeared to be in the most cheerful spirits, and cracked jokes and laughed. At last, when all was ready, the doomed man was ordered to sit on the ground. A handkerchief was then passed over his eyes by his sister. While the sheriff held one hand, one of the condemned Indian's brother's held the other on each side of him.

The deputy sheriff then stood in an old house, about ten steps in front of the condemned, with a rifle. From some cause the rifle went off accidentally, the bullet passing up through the roof of the house. The Indian, believing he was shot, drew himself up and shuddered, but did not speak or move from the spot. A black mark was then made over the Indian's heart, with spittle and powder, by his brother, while the deputy reloaded his rifle, and at the signal, he took steady aim, fired, and pierced the centre of the mark. The Indian, with a few struggles, fell back dead, with the brother and the sheriff still holding his hands. No one seemed to be in the least affected except the doomed Indian's mother, who shed tears, but was told to "shut up" by her son; that all was over.—*Telegraph.*

Anecdote of Calhoun.

Col. William Schouler, of Boston, who for thirty years past has mixed as much and as familiarly with the leading men of the country as any man of the time, and who is one of the most agreeable men and pleasantest *raconteurs* in the republic, relates the following reminiscence of John C. Calhoun: "Some time before 1840, Mr. Calhoun wrote to Mr. Lawrence that he had been adding to his landed estates, and would like to obtain a loan of $10,000 or $15,000 in Boston, where money was more plenty than in South Carolina, and the rate of interest not so high, for the payment of which he would give his notes and a mortgage upon his estate, which would be ample security. Mr. Lawrence said he consulted Mr. Nathan Appleton and one or two other wealthy citizens of Boston upon the subject, and it was agreed to raise the money for him, and take no security for the repayment but his own note. Mr. Lawrence informed Mr. Calhoun of the arrangement which he had made, and expressed his gratification that it was in the power of himself and a few of his friends to do a kindness to one so distinguished, whose life had been devoted to the service of his country. Mr. Calhoun immediately wrote back, declining the offer, and withdrawing his original request. He said it did not agree with his sense of propriety to accept a loan upon such terms; that in the discharge of his public duties he did not wish to be embarrassed by a sense of obligation to any one."

☞ The "kangaroo droop," now "fashionable," is thus described in a New York letter: "To make the thing perfect, a glove with three or four buttons is selected, so that the wrist may be as long and as small as possible. The wrist of the left hand, and also that of the right hand, if it is not engaged with an Alpine parasol, is brought close to the breast, and then the hand is permitted to fall, palm downward, as if all muscular action was lost. This is the present attitude of locomotion by the descendants of the kangaroo, and it suggests the loveliest helplessness imaginable, besides proving respectfulness to the deceased progenitor."

☞ Opium eaters number about 400,000,000 men.

☞ An able writer takes off very well a certain class of conceited, successful gentlemen, by saying that "their vulgar boast of being *self-made*, relieves the Creator of an unpleasant responsibility."

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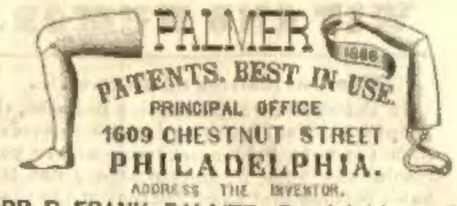

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Curiosities of Pottsville.

In Pottsville, when anything happens, the people consider that a religious duty devolves upon them to hold a meeting, and to pass resolutions upon it, and so strong has this habit become that some citizens of the place whenever a breakfast-bell rings, call a meeting of the family, elect officers, and resolve to go down stairs and eat the meal. The other day, a woman fell into the canal, and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, a man named Collins was elected chairman; and on taking his seat, Mr. Collins not only thanked the meeting very warmly for the compliment offered him, but he made a long speech, in which he discussed the tariff, the coal product for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions were then offered, and after a prolonged discussion, and the acceptance of several amendments, they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of the canal, regrets that all women are not taught to swim, and a resolve to rescue the particular woman who had fallen overboard. A committee of one was appointed to dive for her. He dived, and brought the woman to the surface by her hair. Just then it occurred to him that he had not been ordered to bring her to the shore; so he let her sink again, and swam to the bank to report progress, and ask for further instructions. Action was taken on the report, and after an exciting discussion, he was directed to land the woman immediately. He dived again and dragged her out. None of the women in Pottsville can hold their breath more than hour and a half at a time, so when this one was recovered, she was dead. The meeting said it was sorry, but it was vastly more important that things should be done decently and in order, and according to rule, than that the life of a woman should be saved. The woman hasn't expressed her views yet.

Love's Young Dream.

They tell a story about a girl up in Bethlehem, who wished to rid herself of a persistent lover. So, when he used to come around in the evening, she would ask him if he wouldn't please help John to carry the piano up stairs; and he would take off his coat and work like a brigade of Irishmen until it was time to go home. Then the next evening, as soon as he called, she would say, Wouldn't he please help John to carry that piano down stairs again? and at it he would go lifting and pulling and bursting blood vessels, until the hour arrived for departure. This kind of thing continued for about a week, when one night he got the piano down as far as the first landing, and the corner fell on his toe. Then he confided to the faithful John his secret conviction that Love's Young Dream was fast assuming the character of a most disgusting and oppressive nightmare. Leaving the piano there, he went down to ask his enslaver to say finally and forever just where she wanted that piano to be fixed. He was surprised to find upon entering the parlor that another young man was there—a young man with mild eyes and spectacles. And there that young man had been every night, while he was moving the furniture around and cherishing visions of bliss! It occupied exactly four minutes, and when the combatants were withdrawn, the pianist rushed from the house, singing "Beware! she's fooling thee!" while a mild-eyed young man decorated with spectacles might have been seen lying on the sofa, feeling one of his mild eyes to find how much it was swelled.

General Logan's Staff.

Just before the capture of Savannah, Gen. Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The General being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with:

"Ye'll not be goin' in there."

"Why not, sir?" asked the General.

"Because them's leddies' cars, and no gentleman 'll be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan sate in that car over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it.

"Yes," replied the General, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh, bother your staff!" was the petulant reply. "Go and take the sate, and stick yer staff out of the windy."

His Father-in-Law.

The late Dr. William Wisner, of Ithaca, New York, whose death was reported recently, at one time during his ministry had very strong convictions of the impropriety of the marriage of professing Christians with non-professors. He was for carrying out literally the apostolic injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." He wrote upon the subject, and was generally known as strongly holding to the idea. In spite of this, however, one of the prominent young men in his church married a gay and attractive young lady who was not a Christian, and as a kind of argument for himself, and as against his pastor, he said to some one, "Well, I don't care, she's one of Satan's most beautiful daughters." This saying was commonly reported through the social circles of the place, a little at the Dr.'s expense. The next time he met the young man in company he said to him, in a clear voice, "How is your father-in-law?

NOT TO BE BEATEN.—"My mamma's got the shiningest hair in all Bayswater." "My mamma's got the curlingest hair in all London." "My mamma's got the longest hair in all England." "My mamma's got the thickest hair in all the world." "My mamma can sit on her hair." "My mamma can take hers off!"—*Punch.*

SOMETHING BETTER.—When the first time of love is over, there comes a something better still. Then comes that other love; that faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you with its calm light through the whole of life. It is only needful to place yourself so that it may come, and then it comes of itself. And then everything turns and changes itself to the best.

☞ "Do you like cod-fish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. W., hesitatingly—"I really don't know, Miss; I don't remember ever tending one."

ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN.—"Oh, Mr. Lovell, I'd sooner be a violinist than anything in the World. Wouldn't *you?*"

MODEST YOUTH.—"Well, if you where the violinist, I think I'd—a—sooner be the *violin.*"

JUNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY L. F. BITTLE.

O June, rare June!
Thou fairest daughter of the year,
Thou comest with the summer moon,
And bringest beauty for the eye and ear.

Long, long ago
I thought of thee with tenderness
Greater than lovers fond bestow,
Or maidens to their chosen ones confess.

And in thy smile
My youthful heart was ever gay,
And days sped swift as moments, while
Thy reign of one sweet month seemed but a day.

And why not now?
Thy deep blue eyes are just as bright,
As lovely thine unwrinkled brow,
As when they charmed my childhood's eager sight.

Thou hast not changed,
But I, alas, am not the same!
With hopes decayed, and hearts estranged,
To me, oh June, thou art an empty name.

And yet I know
Thou shouldst be still a welcome guest:
Thou are a visitant below
From that unclouded realm where dwell the blest.

And when I come
To that sweet land, O let me share
The pleasures of thy endless home,
And on my brow thy fadeless roses wear.

BOSTON.

By the Editor of the London "Leisure Hour."

I saw Boston with surprise, left it with regret, and remember it with admiration. I was surprised at the size and beauty of the city, the culture of its people, and the excellence of its government. I was surprised at the number of its churches, schools, libraries, newspapers, bookstores; its places of amusements as well as instruction; and, above all, its charitable and philanthropic institutions. To an old traveller, who had seen many cities, and had settled down into the *nil admirari* spirit, it was a new sensation to be roused into admiring enthusiasm as I was at Boston. Far inferior to Edinburgh in picturesque site, to Venice, or Rome, or Granada in romantic association, to many a city of the old world in historical fame, I yet felt deeper interest in Boston than any place I had visited in days of younger and more susceptible emotion. I know not why, except it be that here Christian civilization has attained the highest reach I had hitherto witnessed not perhaps in individual advancement, but in the general elevation and well-being of the community. I do not wonder at an Englishman like Tom Hughes saying that if he was obliged to leave his own country he would choose Boston as his residence. I thought so too, till I had been at Philadelphia, which may contest with Boston among modern cities the capability of securing "the greatest possible well-being of the greatest possible numbers." Both cities are in advance of the best cities of the Old World, in whatever can be effected by free institutions, and educational culture, and Christian civilization, to ameliorate and elevate the masses. Much remains yet to be accomplished, and many evils mar the pleasant picture, but I saw here realised more than I had elsewhere seen of the ideal which Dr. Chalmers propounded in his "Civic Economy of Great Towns." As a citizen of the old country, I felt no humiliation, but rather pride, in the progress of the Anglo-Saxon stock, and of what a traveller has happily designated "Greater Britain." I do not ascribe the advance to political institutions, and think it would have been greater with less of democratic license; but I ascribe it to the transplantation to fresh soil of the best social and domestic life of the old country, and to the leavening influence of the Bible, the true source at once of individual happiness, and of the "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

In bearing this strong testimony I am fully aware of the dark side of Boston life. Nowhere is intellectual pride more arrogant, learned vanity more conceited,* free thought and free living more daring, vice and immorality more unblushing. The law and police records, the prisons and asylums, show this. But the two statements are quite consistent. Extreme forms of folly and notable cases of crime often appear in the best communities, and the co-existence of great good and great evil seems a common law of social life. What I affirm is, the general elevation of the masses of the people to a higher level than has been elsewhere attained, and the small proportion compared with other cities, say Glasgow and Edinburgh, or Liverpool and London, of a degraded and almost heathen substratum of society.

The Americans have a saying which hits off the characteristics of their three great eastern cities. "At New York the question is what a man has, at Philadelphia who a man is, but at Boston what does a man know." In spite of proverbial Yankee smartness, dollars do not take precedence of books in Boston society. This Athens of the New World is justly proud of her poets, historians, and men of letters. This last conventional phrase sounds ungallant in such a connection, for we might as well say "women of letters." Half the ladies in Boston would be considered "blue" in many other towns. Even young ladies in their teens are often well versed in science as well as literature, and talk with amazing fluency and self-possession. Sidney Smith's bantering description of the young ladies of another "modern Athens" came to my thought, when he says he overheard the neighboring couple in a quadrille discussing pheelosophy and love in the abstract. The Boston dialect even in the best circles somewhat grates on English ears, but is as musical as the twang of the Lothian ladies. Both by contrast and resemblance I was frequently, sometimes amusingly, sometimes painfully, reminded of Edinburgh, as I knew it of old in my college days. I was amused at the general rage for learned and philosophical lectures; at the enthusiastic talk about favorite preachers; at the official deference paid to professors and other titular representatives of learning; at the exclusiveness and self-importance of the little coteries of *literati.* Some of these traits I only gathered from conversation, my visit being at a season of the year when all the lights were out and the benches empty in the Boston Walhalla.

* The dome of the State House, resembling the cent e of a huge wagon wheel, is nicknamed "the Hub," and the word is in playful metaphor, applied by other American cities to Boston itself, the assumed centre of intellect and learning, "the Hub of the Union;" or, as Carlyle would say, "the Hub of the Universe."

Trout Fishing.

When I first took to fly-fishing, I had the happiness to make the acquaintance of a man who combined in himself the profession of sweep and the character of poacher and thief. I met him by a lone lakeside in Wales. I had a previous knowledge of the man's person. He was an ill-looking scoundrel. Meeting him in that situation was not agreeable, I assure you. But there he was, and there I was. However, he took fish and I took none. I was deep in Bainbridge, then the great authority, and Walton and Cotton, but either I was not deep enough, or they were deficient. The man old not throw better than I threw. There was nothing in that. What was it? I went to him and begged to look at his flies. They were darker and coarser than mine. He condemned my stock *in toto.* "It's no use," said he, "if you don't fish with something like the flies on the water. You can't make them quite like. Take off your cast and try mine; for my rod would be strange to your hand." I did so, and took fish. The sum of the man's instruction was, to use flies as near as may be to the color and size of the natural flies on the water, and to use lighter tints on a dark day. I need not remark on the absurdity of trying to make close imitations of flies. The best imitation is a long way short of the real. General color and form are all one need care about. See what queer things rustic anglers use, and they kill fish. A bit of dun worsted with grouse-feather wings, I have seen kill like wink. The instructions of the respectable gentleman I have named set me up: I shelved Bainbridge. Instead of bothering my brains with collections of furs, feathers, and floss, I addressed myself to studying the haunts, habits, and dispositions of fish: and when I became tolerably acquainted with them, I found that a dandy niceness at tackle was not not so absolutely essential if you could throw and work neatly with the right flies.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Years of Peter.

"*Non videbis annos Petri*" was passed from mouth to mouth for more than a thousand years. The tradition is, that St. Peter, the first bishop of Rome, held the post for twenty-five years, and that no successor of his would occupy it for so long a time. Thence in very early days sprang this saying, and the belief that if any pope should complete the quarter of a century the Church would fall. As time went on and various pontiffs almost reached the fatal term, but always died just before its expiration, the belief strengthened and expanded; as the beginning of the present century, Pius VII., who is held as quite a saint, and hardly less than martyr because of the persecution he underwent from Napoleon I., filled the chair for nearly twenty-four years, and beloved and revered as he was, an immense apprehension prevailed that if he reached the mystic "years of Peter," not only the Papacy, but Rome itself, would perish in some tremendous cataclysm of Nature or society. But, like all the rest, he died in time. Now Pius IX. has numbered the fabled years of St. Peter, and we shall see what we shall see. Perhaps the sudden end of the temporal power will be considered as fulfilling the ancient prophecy; at least no one can deny that the coincidence is strange.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER (Harrisburg) says: "I come to you for advice, for I do not know where else to seek it. I have been several years married, and my husband, who for a long time was very kind to me, has lately grown exceedingly harsh. He becomes angry on the slightest pretence, and treats me with the utmost rudeness. I am sure I have tried hard to please him and to win back his affection. I try to manifest a Christian spirit, and to induce him to treat me better, and to sympathize with my religious sentiments; but all my efforts only call down abuse on my head. Please tell me how I should act to win him back and to overcome this harsh spirit." There must be some cause for so sudden a change, and before taking any decided course of action it would be advisable for you to seek to discover this secret cause. Possibly something in your own department may, unknown to yourself, have proved very aggravating to your husband. If the cause, on the contrary, lies beyond your control it will be harder to deal with; but, in any case, it is difficult to doctor the effect without knowing the cause. Possibly you may have displayed too much of a proselyting spirit, judging from the tenor of your letter. Some man rebel against any attempt to change their opinions—and in such a case peace can be gained only by resting to let them with their private beliefs. Continue your efforts to please him. There is no better panacea for unkindness.

ARETIA (Newark) writes: "I have fallen out with my dearest friend. Neither of us is in fault, of course. Quick tempers and hasty tongues are at the bottom of our quarrel, as of most quarrels. She is obstinate, possibly I am slightly so myself, and every time we have met since we have but widened the breach, till now a coach and four might drive between our hearts. I am standing somewhat on dignity, being the eldest, and also because of her having begun the quarrel. I am sorry, I confess, that any ill-feeling should have come between us, for I can't help liking her—yet I think these reasons justify me in expecting her to make the first advances. Don't you think with me?" By no means. We think you are decidedly wrong, and that if you keep in this spirit you may bid adieu to all hope of reconciliation. You are plainly not willing to meet your former friend half-way, but wish to make her yield utterly to you. Your pride of greater age will not suffice—for if you are so young in judgment as to quarrel with your best friend without cause, you have no warrant to stand on the dignity of age. Our advice is, that, as she had the advantage of you in beginning the quarrel, you take the advantage of her in ending it. You will find it an advantage in more senses than one, since it will win you the respect of your friends, her affection, and the self-satisfaction of gaining a victory over your temper. When you are older you will learn the folly of losing a friend for a pastime.

NARVUS (Lancaster) says: "As our old friend, the Post, has undertaken to set us right about all things in Heaven and Earth and in the waters under the earth, will it aid me to understand a little of what is going on under our feet and over our heads? I have been reading the scientific columns of the newspapers, and I learn there of earthquakes shaking down cities where the earth never quaked before; of tornadoes that twist off trees as I would twist off a thread; of columns of magnetic light pushing out from the sun towards the earth; of comets threatening our path through space; and a host of other unusual circumstances. I confess that my nerves are becoming unstrung, and I begin to apprehend some dire catastrophe as overhanging the earth. Is there not some reason to fear?" Not a jot. There is nothing happening now but what has been happening since the world began, or at least since man has existed. Remember that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and do not imagine yourself learned by your shallow draughts of the needlessly lurid science of the newspapers. The world has not stood intact for mildons of years to be overturned in our day. It is not that there are more phenomena occurring, but that there are more and better observers. Besides, our papers daily spread before us all the strange things of all the quarters of the globe, so that we breakfast on horrors and sup on wonders every day of our lives. Keep your nerves steady, the stout old world is good for several ages to come.

W. T. E. (Delaware) writes: "I am applying to you for advice, as I am in a strait in which I am unable to decide for myself. I am sorry to trouble you, but as you kindly promise to answer questions, I hope you will notice mine. I have been engaged to a gentleman, who, about a year ago, went to Savannah to enter into business. He has lately ceased answering my letters, and on my demanding the reason, he writes that he has concluded our engagement had better be broken, and desires me to return his photograph, as well as several presents of jewelry he has made me. I do not feel like returning his presents, that he may use them in winning some one else. I do not think I am acting reprehensibly in retaining these trinkets; but apply to you for advice, and will be governed in my action by your opinion." Your letter shows sufficient good sense to induce us to advise you to use your own judgment in this dilemma. Gifts are, of course, at the option of the recipients, whether to keep or return. In your peculiar case the giver has no right to demand them back, and you are free to act as you please in regard to his request. It might, however, be your best course to return them, so as to be under no shadow of obligation to a man who could act so meanly.

VERNAL (Philada.) writes: "I wish your opinion about a matter I have observed at the park, and which appears to me incorrect. There is a long avenue of young trees set out on the main walk leading from old Fairmount to the park. These are held upright by wires which are so tightly twisted round the trees, that it seems to me they must prove injurious to them. There are willows and several other varieties in the avenue, and they certainly have no chance to grow in thickness." You are right. If the wires are so tightly twisted they will be supporting an avenue of dead trees before the season ends. Willow saplings will increase in diameter over an inch during the season, and if their flow of sap is thus hindered by strangling the bark it will be as sure death as it would be to a man were the wires twisted round his neck.

VEXED (Philada.) says: "I have frequently noticed lately what seems a new custom in places of amusement. When one goes to the ticket office he is informed that all the desirable seats are engaged, and, although they advertise seats at one price, you are obliged to pay a bonus to get a seat worth having. Yet frequently after taking an inferior seat you notice hundreds of seats unfilled. Is this fair? Or is it what, in old-fashioned language, was called cheating?" It does not seem quite fair to deceive the public with false representations. It would certainly be a more honest mode to advertise each part of the house at the price they intend charging. You have this consolation, however, that the public cannot long be humbugged with impunity, and that those who attempt it will find in the end that honesty is the best policy.

RECEIPTS.

Remedies.

FOR THE BITE OF SNAKES.—Professor Halford, of the University of Melbourne, Australia, may be remembered by some as the enthusiastic introducer of a cure for snake bites, and who allowed himself to be bitten by a snake and nearly lost his life by the failure of his darling nostrum to counteract the effects. Notwithstanding the ridicule to which his devotion to science subjected him on that occasion, he has persevered in his efforts, and undoubted success has at length rewarded him. He has found an antidote for snake poison which has proved successful in the most critical cases. It is simply liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A small syringe, with a sharp point for the purpose of making the injection, is manufactured and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in Australia without one.

BEDBUGS.—One who has tried it, gives this way of exterminating the repulsive bedbug:—"If any of your readers need a sure remedy for bedbugs, they can have mine, and cleanse the house of this troublesome vermin without expense. They have only to wash with salt water, filling the cracks where they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them."

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—A medical writer says:—"Spirits of hartshorn is an excellent remedy. The wound should be bathed constantly with it, and three or four doses taken inwardly during the day. The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness."

AGRICULTURAL.

Grooming Horses.

The horse being the most important machine in the farmer's establishment, care should be taken to preserve him in as perfect a state of health and condition as possible. The ordinary care of a horse consists in feeding and watering him, and when from neglect he suffers, dosing him with balls and drenches. Physicking a horse may be avoided altogether by treating him properly. Give him a roomy, airy stable; a loose box or stall is preferable to tying up with the halter. Clean out his stable daily; nothing is more hurtful to the feet of a horse than to permit him to stand in a pile of fermenting manure. With a clean bed and left loose in his stall, he will of his own instinct avoid lying in filth, and much labor in cleaning will be saved. Every night, when the day's work is done, wash his feet and legs free from mud and dirt, and in winter clean off all ice or snow. Cleanliness is an absolute preventive of grease and other diseases which commonly affect the feet and legs of horses. Have handy in the stable a piece of rough sacking, and rub his legs and knee joints for a few minutes before leaving him for the night. A day's ploughing or harrowing over soft, yielding soil is excessively hard work for the legs both of horse and man, and this plan of rubbing with a coarse cloth is good for either. Feed regularly and groom morning and night, and you may throw physic to the dogs.

To Mend Rubber Hose.

William Hunt, New York city, writes:—"The inclosed method of mending rubber hose ought to be known to everybody. I mended mine in several places two or three years ago, and it is yet strong and good. The plumbers said there was no other way but to use couplings costing a dollar each. I used iron pipe, cut to order, three inches long, costing three cents each. Cut the hose apart where it is defective; obtain from any gas-fitter a piece of iron pipe two or three inches long; twist the hose over it until the ends meet, wrap with strong twine, well waxed, and it will last a long time.

KINDNESS TO HORSES.—The horse can be reclaimed from many vicious habits by the law of kindness. When George M. Patchen was in the zenith of his glory, and matched with the queen of trotters, Flora Temple, they chanced to change grooms. This was disgusting to the old hero of stallions. He fought the new-comer till they were forced to restore his old groom. When his old, cherished groom, who had slept in the stable for years, returned, the horse resumed his former quietude, and trotted that season some of his most celebrated races.—*Cor. West Rural.*

CHANGING THE COLORS OF FLOWERS.—An English paper describes the case of a yellow primrose which, when planted in a rich soil, had the flowers changed to a brilliant purple. It also says that charcoal adds great brilliancy to the colors of dahlias, roses and petunias; carbonate of soda reddens pink hyacinths, and phosphate of soda changes the colors of many plants.

THE RIDDLER.

Charade.

My first is what all mortals ought to do;
My second is what all mortals have done;
My whole is the result of my first.

Problem.

A, B and C set off at the same time for Rockville, forty (40) miles distant, A riding a horse that goes nine (9) miles per hour. A rides a certain distance, and there leaves the horse, so that B coming up may ride a certain distance, and leave the horse for C, so that they may arrive at Rockville at the same time. A walks three (3) miles, B four (4) miles, and C five (5) miles per hour. Required—the distance each one rode?

☞ An answer is requested.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a handkerchief like an insult? Ans.—When it is re-scented.

☞ What is the difference between an entrance to a barn and a loafer in a printing-office? Ans.—One is a barn door and the other a darn bore.

☞ Why should machinists be allowed to use tobacco? Ans.—Because it's a small vice.

☞ Why is a blind man like a water-pipe? Ans.—He is generally led (lead).

☞ When does an eagle turn carpenter? Ans.—When he soars (saws) across the woods—and plains.

☞ We beg leave to axe you, which of a carpenter's tools is coffee like? Ans.—An axe with a dull edge, because it must be ground before it can be used.

☞ Why are street singers like the Red-Stockings? Ans.—Because they are base-ballers.

☞ Why should a candle-maker never be pitied? Ans.—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works, when brought to light, are only made light of.

☞ Why are a couple of hands like a knapsack? Ans.—Because you seldom see two wrists (tourists) without them.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—Seven—even—Eve.

WORD SQUARE—

S E M I
E M I T
M I T E
I T E M.

Answer to W. H. Coleman's PROBLEM of April 1st—234 and 104. W. H. Coleman, Geo. W. Sublette.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of May 20 h—3 hours, 3 minutes, 33 seconds. D. Diefenbach, 8 8-19. O. S. Sheldon.

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of May 13th—Divisors are 2, 5, 8 and 11. Junior, Geo. W. Sublette.